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CORRECTIONS.—The reader is respectfully requested to note the following corrections in the first article: 6th line from the beginning, for "*newly*," read "*nearly*;" 316th page, line 13, for "*new history*," read "*new edition*;" same line, for "*Dr. Crokee*," read "*Dr. Croker*;" same page, 27th line, for "*meritable*," read "*mutable*;" 318th page, 5 lines from the bottom, for "*compliments*," read "*complaints*;" 321st page, about the middle of the page, for "*it is more probable*," read "*it is not probable*;" 322d page, middle, for "*in which they*," read "*which they*;" 324th page, 4th line, for "*his poetry is often*," read "*his prose is often*."

In the "Huntsman's Tale," 361st page, 5th line, for "*one gun in his hand*," read "*his gun in his hand*;" 362d page, 4th line from the bottom, for "*thoughtfulness*," read "*thoughtlessness*."

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THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

HE who reviews the history of the Arts and Sciences in the different ages of the world, will discover that they have been subject to constant progress and change; that, like the mind of man, they have risen and advanced through various stages to a high degree of perfection; and that, by the aid of successive discoveries, the laws and principles peculiar to them are at length newly ascertained. He will discover, moreover, that those personages who have been successful in ushering in the era of improvements, have been praised as lights in the world, and that they were endowed by heaven with intellectual powers such as rarely fall to the lot of human nature. An interval of several ages has sometimes elapsed without producing its great men. We find them scattered in different periods and places, so remote from each other, that the sudden shout of surprise occasioned by the burst of genius, has had sufficient time to subside and finally to settle into calm wonder and silent admiration. We find, moreover, this select few making their brilliant entrance, not only in different periods and places, but also in different characters,—those of the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the orator, and the moralist. Thus, Homer, who appeared in some unknown age, far back in the impenetrable shades of antiquity, introduced a celebrated era in epic poetry, and produced a fine model of composition, which nation after nation, and century after century, have always prided themselves upon imitating, but have never been able to excel. Shakspeare, by almost exhausting nature, by making acute discriminations of character, and unfolding masterly views of the passions, has obtained a name which will long outlive the fashions, customs and superstitions which characterised his own times,—a name which has entitled him to the first rank among dramatic poets, and which will never cease to attract the wonder and admiration of mankind. Newton, who unfolded to the world the mechanism of the planetary system, the decomposition of light, and the theory of the tides, made his astonishing discoveries by the powers of a peculiar and a profound genius, and with the modesty of true science, triumphing over contemporary ignorance and prejudice, established

a new epoch in Natural Philosophy. So Bacon and Locke, Milton, Scott and Byron, have acquired imperishable lustre in different departments of philosophy and literature. Among this class of illustrious characters, Johnson holds a distinguished rank, as he merits the honor of having introduced an era in philology and morals, having surpassed all that went before him, and most of those who have succeeded him, by his profound observations upon books and life, at the same time, in his literary character, exemplifying the assertion that the genius of the English nation appears rather in improvement than invention.

We are induced to offer to our readers some reflections upon the character of this distinguished author, from having recently perused a new history of his life and writings from the pen of Dr. Crokee,—a work which, although it settles some questions in respect to the great lexicographer which are of interest to men of letters, yet adds nothing of material value to the ample and satisfactory biography of him by Boswell, his obsequious but faithful friend.

Johnson may be regarded as having claims to our consideration as a moralist, a philologist, a politician, and a poet, and we shall confine the remarks we propose to make as to his literary character, to these heads; and first of him as a moralist.

It is the intention of all moralists, no doubt, to adapt their reflections to all characters in all ages. Truth, however, is founded upon a broad basis, and life upon a narrow one. The outlines of moral truth are universal, and like mathematical axioms, not to be affected by the changes of men and manners; but the characters of men are so peculiar and meritable, that what is true of one is false of another, and what was considered illustrious in one age is discarded in the next as the greatest disgrace of rational beings. We are astonished at the furious feats of chivalry, and are struck with indignant admiration at the devastations of the sacred pilgrimages and holy wars of the crusades. We cannot but wonder now that human beings should have been so mad as to sacrifice their lives in such ludicrous quarrels, or so weak as to suppose, that eternal felicity was easily to be purchased by corporeal adroitness. Those authors who have taken accurate surveys of men in the different ages of the world, have been too much impressed with the dignity of truth, to accommodate to the sentiments, peculiarities and fashions of a single age, what ought to be immutably fixed and as applicable to one period as to another; while other writers by suiting their reflections to the manners of the times, to the fashions and incidents of a fleeting period, have procured for their productions only a reputation almost as evanescent as the occasions which produced them. In this point of view we may pronounce the "Rambler" far superior to the "Idler" of the same author, or to the "Spectator" of Addison, with the exception of his essays on the Pleasures of the Imagination, and perhaps his Saturday pieces in general. The most acute

reader will discover very few general reflections in any of the periodical essays of Addison. They are made up of humorous observations on daily incidents, correct criticisms, and agreeable descriptions of life in detail, and by adding grace and ease to the English language, by chastening a generally depraved taste, and by ridiculing singular fashions and characters, they were highly beneficial to the age in which they were written; but they are not so useful to the present generation as the essays of Johnson, and they will not be so valuable to the next race of men as to the present, when most of those peculiarities upon which they dwelt with admirable humor, are done away, and the characters that figured in their descriptions, no longer attract attention or interest the feelings. Johnson, on the other hand, cast his thoughts far back into the past, and far forward into the future, and, like a prudent philosopher, wrote for the successive generations of wit and learning in all ages, thinking it not so important to perpetuate what should be interesting to his contemporaries, as to leave behind him something which should excite admiration as long as time and learning should endure. Dissertations had already been written upon full bottomed periwigs, the disposition of colors, the regulation of ruffles, and the graces of ogling, and the sage reflected, that in such a state of society, it was less necessary to refine and improve the manners than to elevate the morals of his countrymen. In the "Idler" he somewhat relaxes the severity of his strictures, but he even there generally supports his former stateliness, and when he descends to illustrations of common life, has not the graceful ease of Addison. With these brief remarks upon these leading traits of our author as a teacher of morals, we pass next to an examination of his pretensions as a critic.

Acuteness, penetration, and we may add literary impartiality, were characteristics of the genius of this author, and enabled him to perform ably, in all its complicated branches, the hazardous and ungrateful task of a philologist. He inherited from nature what is essential to a critic, a clear head, a sound judgment, and great firmness of purpose, and to these he always added extensive learning. If there were any principles that gave a cast to his opinion of works and their authors, other than those which grew out of the very constitution of so luminous and great a mind, they could have been only those that were furnished by the general *consent* and uniform judgment of mankind. So far the critic proceeds safely. Public opinion is a power that seldom wavers from a just balance, and of the works submitted to it, it has an undoubted right to be the final censor and retributory judge. Those writers who pay it proper respect, may receive, without any sacrifice of principle or propriety, their due share of protection, caresses and fame. Those who regard its verdict with indifference, can only be considered weak, conceited or insane. It is not derogating from the merit of Johnson as a scholar, or his independence as a critic, to say, that the opinion of

the public and of posterity, had its due influence over him, and served to check any improper biases that were likely to affect the candor or impartiality of his judgment. He was, notwithstanding, firm, manly and decisive, discriminating in his views, cautious in his censures, and ever ready to inspire that confidence which justice approved, and to distribute those honors which time had awarded.

With every department of judicial, comparative and illustrative criticism, Johnson was perfectly familiar. On every subject within the range of literature, politics and morals, his ideas were extended, comprehensive and perspicuous. No person had ever studied more attentively the history of poetry, from the time of Chaucer through every age down to his own. The laws of epic poetry, as laid down by Aristotle and followed by Virgil and Milton, were perfectly well known to him. The whole artifice, mechanism and plan of the drama were developed in all their intricate connections in the preface to Shakspeare,—a work which, if he had produced no other, would have stamped his name with imperishable lustre. Metaphysical and pastoral poetry did not escape his notice. He seemed to have studied nature in her simplicity and beauty, as well as in those high and commanding features which communicate sublimity, majesty and strength.

It has been urged, however, and we shall meet the objection with all fairness,—that in the discharge of his duty as a critic, Johnson made use of the lash to an unjustifiable excess;—that he harrowed up the souls of his victims by the severity of his satire, damped their hopes by the wantonness of his ridicule, and sometimes made sacrifices to his mere humor at the expense of his better feelings. To establish the charge, poets are brought forward in numbers, the true sons of song, around whose brows he ought to have entwined bays and amaranths, whom he treated either with barefaced injustice or chilling contempt,—sent them weeping away when they were looking eagerly for respect and adoration,—changed their dawn of hope into the night of despair, and consigned over their names, not to a high and honorable place in the annals of fame, but to the shades and silence of eternal oblivion. The disappointed Collins, whose verses he charged with roughness and want of melody; Thompson, to whose private character and history he had not paid the tribute of a thorough scrutiny; Milton, whom he disliked for his political principles and republican spirit, and Cromwell, whom he denounced for his efforts to revolutionize the nation, are summoned forth in the heat of resentment, to testify to the injustice and uncereemonious temper of the critic.

To such compliments, it is quite sufficient, at the present day, to reply generally, that the task of a critic is of all others, the most difficult, delicate and responsible; that it exposes a man, in a variety of ways, to the caprice of individuals who are liable to err in their opinions. Those who are severely handled may be contempora-

ries and favorites whom men have enthroned high in the temple of their affections, and whose merits and pretensions they appreciate with the same degree of fondness that they do their own. The portrait of the critic may be true to the original, and yet be far, very far from gratifying the hopes that have been prematurely or unjustly excited, and he would surely be unworthy of the name of critic who should humble himself so far as to offer incense at the shrine of dullness, indolence or affection.

We pass, however, to his great work,—the work upon which his fame as a writer depends more than any other,—we mean his *Lives of the Poets*, embracing chiefly biographical sketches and critical strictures of the Poets who adorned the age of Queen Anne, which has been sometimes styled the Silver Age of English Literature. The republic of letters has seldom witnessed more splendid instances of learning and taste, of poetical genius and genuine wit, than were exhibited by the distinguished men of that age. It was then that Pope, Addison, Swift, Temple, Prior, Otway, Dryden, Cowley and Young, appeared as so many new and bright stars, presiding over the interests of literature, politics, poetry, and the arts. If we extend our computation a little above this period into the reign of William the Third, and so below it into that of George the First, we shall embrace nearly the whole period to which, in the *Lives of the Poets*, he has extended his enquiries.

In this work the biographer and philologist present high claims to our attention. This is a work which we venture to say, can scarcely be estimated in any point of view at too high a rate. The lover of poetry will never cease to read it with growing pleasure and improvement, or the philosopher to trace in it the outlines of character or to mark the dignified deportment of eminent abilities in the private walks of domestic life. For acuteness of sentiment, depth of research, force of language, variety of interest, and splendor of criticism, it is universally allowed to be the first work of the kind in any language. It is unquestionably the first authentic history of the English Poets that was given to the literary world. Before the time of Johnson, very little had been done to rescue poets or poetry from oblivion. Few, it is true, had descended to the grave without leaving some memorials behind them, upon which posterity was permitted to reflect with approbation and delight. Each remarkable man had some sympathising friend, who felt it his duty to pay homage at his tomb, and to raise some honorable monument to genius so uncommon, and to character so worthy of lasting praise. Among the writers of biography, Johnson was considerably indebted to the researches of Spence, Wharton, Hawkesworth, Hughes, Prior, Finton, Wood, and Shiels. What credit is to be given to Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, or what use he was able to make of it, is at present uncertain. As regards the Poets in general, very little was supplied by personal knowledge, very little by the favor of contemporary

friendship. There was no Academy of the Arts, no confederacy of learned writers to preserve the reputation of the great or the favorite of the world, from the destruction which time was sure to accomplish. Oral tradition was unsafe evidence, upon which the biographer could never rely with confidence. The incidents collected from records were difficult of access, some notices were to be gathered from manuscripts, some from reviews, some from private correspondence; some news of the poet were to be heard of in one part of the country, and some in another. The accounts from different sources and different places were sometimes contradictory. Of two probable accounts it was difficult to say which was entitled to the greatest respect. The biographer was often perplexed to know what he should select, what discard, or what maintain. In the performance of a task of so much delicacy and difficulty, Johnson exercised a sound discretion, availing himself at the same time of every source of valuable information that fell in his way. Where the history of the poet was known, it is delineated with the strictest fidelity; when unknown, it is supplied from the most probable evidence; conjecture is seldom resorted to, and we are never left to doubt whether the biographer relies upon history or tradition,—upon personal knowledge, or probable evidence.

The *Life of Savage* is probably the most fascinating of all these memoirs, though its charm arises rather from its biographical than its critical excellence. It was written, doubtless, with all the enthusiasm of unalloyed friendship, for the poet and his biographer lived on terms of the greatest intimacy,—a fact which speaks not quite so favorably for the reputation of the latter as could be wished. It is a finely finished portrait, the style elegant in the extreme, and for its author very free and flowing; the reflections upon life and manners, which fill up the gaps of the narrative, profound as usual, and the scenes of an erratic and eventful life ably and interestingly delineated.

The critical strictures of the *Lives of the Poets* are for the most part, judicial. The faults and beauties of the poet are faithfully pointed out, and every criticism exhibits evidence of a mind highly improved by various reading and profound reflection upon ancient and modern authors. The critique upon *Paradise Lost*, far surpasses that of Addison, who followed too closely in the track of Aristotle, and is a master piece in its kind. The *Life of Cowley*, which contains a dissertation upon the Metaphysical Poets, was highly valued by its author. The history of those poets was little known to the learned of Johnson's period, and would hardly have reached posterity had it not been rescued from oblivion by his indefatigable labors. Johnson was a perfect judge of every thing that belongs to poetry, but the versification. Here his ear failed him. He could not discriminate between melody and harmony, as applied to poetical numbers. When he censures the verses of Collins, he does

him great injustice. The poetry of Collins is smooth and flowing,—nearly as musical as that of Moore.

Under the head of his character of a philologist, some notice of Johnson's Dictionary properly falls, though it cannot be made the subject of criticism in so brief an essay. It was a great undertaking. The labour of reducing a language, copious without order, into a regular system; of tracing the origin of words through their various changes from the oral expression to the written style; of correcting the errors of orthography and of settling the pure meaning of words according to the best authorities,—was immense. It was like adding drop to drop to form an ocean. We are not duly sensible of the debt of gratitude we owe to this laborious and indefatigable plodder in the thorny paths of our language. Yet he is an auxiliary which the scholar of the present day could do ill without. We often have to consult him, and we always do it under the confidence that he is a perfectly safe guide. Some new discoveries may have been made as to the origin of particular words; some new lights been thrown upon their legitimate meaning, particularly by the researches of such men as Horne Tooke, and Noah Webster; but the dictionary of Johnson is, after all, the authority to which we most readily appeal and upon which we most securely rely. It is the standard work for the scholars of the present age, even in our own country, and in whatever estimation Dr. Webster may be held at some future day by our citizens, it is more probable that his work will ever supplant that of "the colossus of English literature," in great Britain.

Of Johnson's character as a politician we shall say but little for; with our republican notions, it partakes of features which no American can greatly admire. Yet we admit his zeal and general honesty of purpose, which is a concession of some breadth. Johnson was not an uninterested spectator of the events that were taking place from time to time in the political world around him. With a mind versed in the history of States, the rise and fall of empires, and the revolutions of government, he watched the changes of public affairs in England with as much attention and vigilance as the most enlightened statesman of his age. He scrupled not therefore to take decided ground with one of the great parties that had so long divided the kingdom. He had thoroughly studied the history of his country and the frame of its constitution. His vast curious and grasping mind, had taken in all its parts, had investigated its structure, comprehended its design, and settled the distinct lines of demarcation which separated its different orders and departments. He was an enemy, a decided enemy to democracy in all its forms. But he was, in a certain sense, a friend to liberty,—a friend to the liberty of the Press, to the liberty of the people, to Political Liberty, as far as that glorious prerogative can be secured to the subject by the limited privileges of a limited monarch. He was

a resolute defender of the contested principle of hereditary succession,—a believer in the divine right of kings,—an intrepid vindicator of the sacred prerogatives of kings,—a watchful sentinel who guarded those prerogatives with ceaseless vigilance, and never failed to detect the unfounded and interfering claims of other orders of the great system who attempted to usurp them. He was, in one word, a Tory, a firm, zealous and enlightened Tory, and one who cannot be accused of ever having deserted, betrayed, or disgraced, the party whose cause he espoused. That his political principles warped his judgment as a critic, and prevented his doing full justice to works and their authors, has been asserted, and probably not entirely without just grounds. Johnson was a man liable to prejudice, and what is more he was a political partizan. More, however, we think, has been made of this charge than the truth warranted. His criticisms are seldom, if ever, that we perceive, discolored by political malignity. He was surely not unfaithful to Milton when he called him a Whig, for he was one. He was not unjust to Walpole, when he depicted in glowing colors the progress of his downfall, for Walpole certainly fell from his high station, though he left it not without honor. He was not unjust to Addison, to Chesterfield, to Steele, to Shippen, and to Townsend, for he only designated them by the names they claimed, and in which they professed to esteem and honor.

Johnson, it is said, wrote many speeches for distinguished members of Parliament, for which they received, at the time, the credit. Of this fact there is, at the present day, little doubt. The political writings distinctly attributed to him in his published works, are not numerous. Of these the most brilliant and affecting were the "False Alarm," elicited by the proceedings of Parliament in respect to the celebrated Wilkes, and his "Taxation no Tyranny," published shortly after the breaking out of the American Revolution, and intended to prove that our valiant ancestors who acquired laurels during that memorable struggle, were no better than so many rebels. The latter production is an eloquent piece of declamation and argument, and did not a little injury at the time to the American cause. It is easy to repeat the testimony which posterity has pronounced with regard to the comparative merit of the politicians of that time. Burke has generally been placed before Johnson in the political ranks. Chesterfield comes up *pari passu*, but Johnson is said to have written some of his best speeches. Between Junius and Johnson, the pre-eminence is doubtful. The mere style of the former must certainly have the preference. Pitt had more of the *suaviter in modo*; Johnson relied upon his pen, elaborated his ideas in his closet, and when he brought his mind to bear vigorously upon any subject, excelled them all in strength of argument and splendor of illustration. His, indeed, was a great mind and grasped the whole of almost every subject.

We cannot dismiss Johnson's prose writings without referring to others of them that deserve notice. His *Rasselas*, written rapidly to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, displays considerable compass of imagination, and is fraught with beautiful oriental imagery. The moral lessons it inculcates are the result of profound reflection, and display a thorough knowledge of the human heart, but the general picture which he draws of human nature is an unfair one. Johnson suffered from what is called "low spirits." His temperament was morbid, and he saw most things through a jaundiced and artificial medium. Hence his views of life and human destiny were generally tinged with unnatural gloom and sadness,—a remark which applies to this work in particular. An increase of the melancholy humour under which he suffered, may fairly, however, be attributed to his recent bereavement.

His Review of Soame Jenyns' "*Free Inquiry*," &c., was a work of a different kind, and displays an admirable vein of humour throughout. It was written in one of the philosopher's happiest moods, when the world chanced to smile upon him, and he was at peace with every body. Jenyns had taken up and sported, in an elaborate essay, Pope's idea of a great scale of being,—at best a mere theory. Johnson amused himself and the public by tearing the work to pieces; he fully exposed the fallacy of its arguments, and placed them in the most ludicrous point of view possible. Jenyns never forgave the giant for this work of destruction, and never could forgive him.

Johnson's Review of Hanway's *Essay on Tea*, was also a pleasant performance. Hanway was an enemy to tea, which happened to be Johnson's favorite beverage. In commencing his strictures upon the *Essay*, Johnson informed the public that it was "to expect little justice from a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who had for twenty years diluted his meals with *only* the infusion of that fascinating plant,—whose tea-kettle has scarcely time to cool,—who, with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning." The reader will remark the word *only*, and the moral reformers of the age may, if they choose, fortify their position by the high authority of the great British moralist. We have no positive proof for saying that Johnson ever drank any thing stronger than tea, except when he visited the Highlands of Scotland, where, it is said, but we believe maliciously, that he regaled himself with a little Scotch whiskey; and this circumstance reminds us of one of the most valuable volumes that the lexicographer left behind him, and which we had like to have forgotten,—we mean his "*Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*,"—a work of great interest—abounding with information and full of 'thoughts,' says Crane, 'which by long revolution in the mind of Johnson, had been formed and polished like pebbles rolled in the ocean.'

We pass to a consideration of Johnson's claims as a Poet, and

under this head, would remark, that his poetry sustains the dignity of his prose writings, but evinces less imaginative power. It is full of rational, not of external nature, and is moral, rather than grand, beautiful or passionate. His poetry is often adorned with all the embellishments of fancy, decked out with the flowers of spring, and profuse with the riches of autumn, but the genius of Johnson seemed to be cramped when he attempted to write verses. The general character of his poetry is stately and solemn. It wants life and spirit, and it lacks metrical harmony. The versification is smooth enough, but intolerably monotonous. There is no change of cadence or measure to relieve the uniformity. In proof of this, read and scan the two first verses of the "Vanity of Human Wishes," which is a fair specimen of the entire poem, and also of "London," which trots on, in measured pace, to the same tune. These poems were written in Iambies, but his blank verse is no better, if we are to judge from "Irene." This was Johnson's famous tragedy, in reference to which Garrick shrewdly remarked: "When Johnson writes tragedy, declamation roves and passion sleeps; when Shakspeare wrote, he dipped his pen in his own heart!" As a dramatic performance, the plot is shallow enough, the characters unnatural, the retorts without point or spirit, and the dialogue heavily sustained to the close. Girls are made to prate about philosophy, and the "fiery lover" to speculate upon the prodigies which preceded the downfall of Greece. "London" is an imitation, and a good one of a satire of Juvenal. The bustle and temptations of a crowded city; the ingratitude of mankind under obligations; the resentment of injured worth; the miseries of an author dependant for support on the scornful patrimony of the great are the themes of the poet; and are treated in a popular, but at the same time sarcastic vein which gave the poem at the time a great currency. The "Vanity of Human Wishes" has more philosophic dignity than "London," and is more general in its moralizing. It is unlike adapted to the village and the city, to men in every place and every period. It is Johnson's best poetical effort, and may be said to be a continuation of *Rasselas* translated into smooth and easy poetry. Of his fugitive pieces, the "Verses to Stella," the "Description of the Seasons," &c., it is unnecessary to speak.

We do not think, in conclusion, that Johnson possessed the highest attributes of genius. He may be classed among those writers who have less imagination and more judgment. His learning was immense, his reading desultory, his memory tenacious, his intellect clear and vigorous, but his mind was not of a creative order. He never made any discovery either in Art or Science, but he conferred on mankind what may be regarded an equal benefit,—he greatly extended, in various directions, the boundaries of elegant literature. He thought profoundly, collected his ideas rapidly, examined their bearings and pre-arranged them carefully, before he took

up his pen to send them forth to the world ; hence the astonishing rapidity with which he wrote many of the papers of the Rambler when the last exigency pressed him. He wrote forty of the printed pages of the *Life of Savage* at a sitting ; he wrote the "False Alarm" in twenty four hours, and conceived in his mind, as he says, seventy lines of the "Vanity of Human Wishes" in a day, without setting one of them upon paper. His judgment, though sometimes sullied by prejudice, was always discriminating. It was never formed without a thorough investigation ; yet the investigation was conducted so rapidly, that the final decision seemed to be not so much the result of calculation as of intuition. He glanced his penetrating eye into the confused windings of human characters, the course of events and the phenomena of nature, and discriminated with accuracy whatever was appropriate and whatever was irrelevant to the subject he contemplated. He examined his subject in all its parts ; laid down its great outlines ; unravelled its intricacies ; attached it to its connections ; exhibited it in its dark and in its light shades ; in its impressive and pleasing colors ; in those points of view in which it might arrest the attention and convince the understanding of the reader. One of his happiest talents was that of illustrating his subjects by beautiful and appropriate imagery,—a talent which he possessed in a remarkable degree, and which he exerted in the most apt and felicitous manner. Nor was he destitute of wit ; his conversation was full of brilliant repartees, and the same talent often sparkles and blazes forth in his lighter productions.

Johnson's style was a bad one. It is full of antithesis, and cannot be approved as a model, although it has often been imitated. The style of the Rambler is probably more faulty than any of his other productions. It seems to have been elaborated with great care and nicety, and yet the papers of that periodical were thrown off with wonderful rapidity and ease. The "Preface to Shakspeare," and the "Lives of the Poets," cost greater preparation, and are better written, in a style elegant and even flowing. It is not probable that the writings of Johnson are at the present day much read. There are more fascinating compositions constantly issuing from the press which occupy public attention. Every scholar, however should read these works carefully, at least once. His time will be better occupied by such an exercise, than in perusing the fictions of the day, which interest the feelings without greatly enlightening the mind. They are, it should be borne in mind, among the standard works in the English language, while their author holds the first rank among the fathers of English Literature. Whatever may be said of Johnson's dogmatism, his partizanship, and his bigotry, and however faulty may be his style, we yet cannot but respect his great talents and varied acquirements, nor fail to admire the perseverance with which he successfully combated the most appalling difficulties, and finally acquired a reputation which has transmitted his name with distinguished honor to succeeding times.

GENERAL SUMTER.

THE exploits of the hero of *South Mount*, furnish a fruitful theme for the muse. They not only out numbered those of Marion, (whose valuable services, at the same time, we would not be understood as intending to disparage) but far exceeded them in brilliancy. Sumter was emphatically the *Game Cock* of South-Carolina,—*he was not to be beaten*. His swimming across the Santee, at the head of three hundred horsemen, and advancing upon the British at Fort Watson, was one of the most gallant and romantic incidents in our Revolutionary annals. Had Gates been a Sumter, the British had rued the hour they set foot in Carolina; and the brave Isaac Hayne had lived to measure swords with them in a second war for independence.

Marion's deeds of daring, have been commemorated by a Northern bard, (Mr. Bryant) in numbers worthy of his graceful muse. A similar tribute is eminently due to our Sumter; and, in the absence of some "better brother," and though the lyre be all unstrung, we have ventured to pay that tribute in the following imperfect lines:

When Carolina's hope grew pale
Before the British lion's tread,
And freedom's sigh in every gale
Was heard above her martyred dead,—

When from her mountain heights, subdued,
In pride of place forbid to soar,
Her eagle banner, quenched in blood,
Lay sullen on th' indignant shore,—

Breathing revenge! invoking doom,
Tyrant! upon thy purple host;
When all stood wrapt in steadfast gloom,
And silence brooded o'er her coast,—

Stealthy, as when from thicket dun
The Indian springs upon his bow,
Uprose, South Mount, thy warrior-son,
And headlong darted on the foe!

Not in the pride of war he came,
With bugle note, and banner high,
And nodding plume, and steel of flame,
Red Battle's gorgeous blazonry!

With followers few, but undismayed,
Each change and chance of fate withstood,
Beneath her sunshine and her shade,
The same heroic brotherhood!

From secret nook, in other land,*
Emerging fleet along the pine,
Prone down he flew before his band,
Like eagle on the British line!

*Rather than submit to the enemy, Sumter, attended by a small but devoted band of patriots, had retired into North-Carolina; where he "bided his time."

Catawba's waters smiled again
 To see her Sumter's soul in arms;
 And, issuing from each glade and glen,
 Rekindled by war's fierce alarms,—
 Thronged hundreds thro' the solitude
 Of the wild forest, to the call
 Of him whose spirit, unsubdued,
 Fresh impulse gave to each, to all!
 By day the burning sands they ply,
 Night sees them in the fell ravine;
 Familiar to each follower's eye,
 The tangled brake, the hall of green.*
 Roused by their tread from covert deep,
 Springs the gaunt wolf, and flies—while near
 Is heard, forbidding thought of sleep,
 The rattling serpent's sound of fear.
 Before, or break of early morn,
 Or fox looks out from copse or close,
 Before the hunter winds his horn,
 Sumter's already on his foes!
 He beat them back! beneath the flame
 Of valor quailing, or the shock;
 And carved at length a hero's name
 Upon the glorious *Hanging Rock*!
 And time, that shades or sears the wreath
 Where glory binds the soldier's brow,
 Kept bright her Sumter's fame in death,
 His hour of proudest triumph—*now*!
 And ne'er shall tyrant tread the shore
 Where Sumter bled, nor bled in vain;
 A thousand hearts shall break before
 They wear th' oppressor's chain again.
 O! never can thy sons forget
 The mighty lesson taught by thee;
 Since,—treasured up the eternal debt,—
 Their watchword is—thy Memory!

*Those who have been in the habit of traversing our Southern woods, have no doubt been frequently struck with the sudden transition,—within the compass, often, of a few miles,—from scenery of one description, to others of an entirely different character, which, beyond almost any thing else, may be said to characterise the dense solitudes of Carolina. The effect upon ourselves, of this sudden and unexpected transition, was one, always, of inexpressible charm. After a walk, or ride, of several hours, through woods wholly impervious to the rays of the sun, and literally walled in on either side, so as to allow just space enough for one's horse,—wading through deep and dangerous swamps, reedy brakes, and a world of briars, through which one is obliged fairly to fight his way,—the hunter, or lover of nature, who woe her in her most secret recesses, finds himself all at once, and as if by magic, treading the smooth and verdant carpet of some upland lawn; with trees in regular array, as fashioned by the hand of art; and interspersed with lights and shadows, and soft and beautiful knolls, inviting you to repose,—and reigning over all this, silence the most profound;—broken at intervals by the solitary note of the red bird, or sound of the woodpecker.

THE DEBUT:—LONDON.

"WHAT is his forte," asked a smug little man whose face we had never seen before, and whom we found seated at our plate about five o'clock one day, (the London dinner hour,) when, having been reconnoitering the town, we forgot our soup; but returned just in time for the pudding. "O! tragedy, tragedy!" replied Mr. H. to the little man in blue, who was the guest, as it now appeared, of my fellow lodger. "Ah, a tickelish thing, that tragedy in London,—both to play-wrights and players. If the pit happen to be pleased, not so the papers; if the multitude applaud, they are reproached by the "Exclusives" with a want of the legitimate *gout* in such matters. The press and the play-goers, moreover, never go hand in hand; they scorn to unite forces,—so that when they get a poor devil between them,—whether author or actor,—there is indeed a "pull altogether," but unfortunately not in the same direction,—so that he is literally quartered among them. "Aye, aye, Howard Payne got but forty pounds for his 'Brutus,'—the best tragedy since the days of 'Venice Preserved.' Gifford abused it in his 'Quarterly,' but that was as it should be. Sheridan Knowles has written several plays, which, though actable, are absolutely unreadable; and yet (thanks to the place of his birth,) they have been extolled, and that highly too. Now the best dramas,—as literary productions,—are not those that play best. The motto of the present tribe of caterers for the stage, in England, seems borrowed from the fop in the play, who protests that "figure is nothing, *attitude* is all." "Nay, not so fast. You seem to be a disciple of the 'Spectators,' 'Adventurers,' 'Worlds,' and 'Mirrors' of a by-gone day. Those gentry were the first innovators upon words and things, who ventured to tell us that a good play in the closet was good for nothing on the stage. They rubbed their glasses, and looking wisely into Jonson, Shirley, and the rest of that class, imagined that they had discovered the true *test* whereby to distinguish a good from a bad play. Now, sir, because those writers happen to furnish us with a few plays, good in the reading, but bad, or, at least, indifferent in the acting, it by no means follows, I should think, that all which are good in the acting, are bad in the reading. You will perhaps name the 'Fox,' the 'Alchymest,' and 'Silent Woman;' and, possibly, to crown the whole, you may evoke the shade of 'Cato,' and say to me, 'Behold!' But I will tell you, touching the latter, that Addison, so far from mastering, has failed utterly in moving the great springs which impart to tragedy its power; and in touching the fine chords that give to it its pathos. He excites neither terror, love, nor pity. There is no action, in the dramatic sense of the word; and less passion. 'Cato' may reason like a Roman, but who will say that he feels like a man? You might as well

hope to fix the attention and rouse the feelings of a modern audience, by exhibiting a 'Mystery' or 'Morality' of the middle ages, or a mythological drama of the Greek year 400, as the frigid play of the English Atticus. The productions of Jonson, on the other hand, would be nearly unintelligible to a pit of the present day; and but ill adapted to the taste of the dress circle,—to say nothing of the gods and goddesses who preside above. The plot of most of his plays is intricate, the purpose neither very dignified nor dramatic; the dialogue hard; the diction harsh, and not unfrequently so involved as to leave it obscure; while the sentiments are not easily appreciated. But what is the fact with regard to our Shakspeare? He wrote, indeed, "all like a man." So far from agreeing with the writers in the 'Adventurer,' and the other papers of that class, which directed, in a great measure, and gave a tone to the literary taste of their day, I cannot but think that the best plays of our great dramatist are most advantageously known through the medium of the ear, and not the eye,—that is, when *well* played. The inspirations of his genius are never so touching and triumphant, as when they come breathing or bursting upon us in the richly modulated tones, the eloquent and impassioned utterance of a Cook, a Kemble, or a Cooper, a Siddons, Jordon, or O'Neil." "There, there you touch one of my oldest and strongest prepossessions; and I suspect you are more than half in the right, after all. I was a boy when Cook was in America; and Kemble had gone to his account long before I set sail for England. But you are yet to learn, it seems,—for the good people of this "inviolate island of the sage and free," know little, and care less, about us,—that we have a *Cooper* on the other side of the water; the only actor living on whom has descended the mantle of your great masters—your Garrick, your Cook, your Kemble, and your Macklin. If ever there was a moment when I was tempted to renounce the opinion I have expressed on the relative merits of closet and stage plays, it has been when listening to the tones, and poring upon the form and features—the soul-subduing utterance, the eloquent agony of action, the majesty, and, as often, the music of expression, that distinguish, in so peculiar and eminent a degree, the matchless tragedian of the new world. Mrs. Malaprop says that comparisons are "oderiferous,"—she would have said odious; yet you shall think me neither invidious nor over national when I say, that, according to my poor judgment, in all the accomplishments of a great actor—in all that constitute the "terrible graces," that should belong to that genius that shall undertake to body forth the lofty conceptions of the tragic muse, the comparatively unknown and neglected pupil of Holcroft and Godwin,—unknown in this country, and neglected in his own,—is as far beyond any actor of the age, as the South American Condor, when he attains the very point and peak of the highest summit of the Andes, may be said to soar beyond the reach of the

Storm Petrel, forever hovering near the surface of its native element. Sir, I have seen Cooper in the character of "Beverly," in the "Gamster,"—the dying scene; you know it. It is now many years since I last saw him in that character—and yet I see him still!—as distinctly at this moment, as I saw him then; as "distinguishable in member, joint and limb," and, let me add, in lineament, as when I sat riveted upon the scene—now long years ago! I still see that pale, speaking face, breathing a language richer far than words; that left arm, which the poison had half paralysed, that hung droopingly down beside the chair,—while the other lay listless, almost lifeless, on the lap,—the vest and neckcloth loosened, and in disorder, as though the spirit that labored within was too big for its tenement of clay, and would heave from it all that now remained of earth to clog its hope of emancipation from scenes that tortured it!—scenes in which, with all brave qualities, with every gentle, every generous emotion,—it had yet, by means of one fatal infatuation, wrought grief to others, and the shame of guilt to itself—the tone in which, turning to his sister with those dim eyes on which the shadow of death was fast resting! he asked, "Can you forgive me?"—and in which, "dying as he was, and dubious of hereafter," he ventured to invoke a last blessing upon those "dear ones" whom he had wronged and ruined, his wife and that sad sister! Sir, "it was a thing to see, not to hear;

And those who saw it, did surprise
Such drops could fall from human eyes."

It was indeed a surprising and surpassing triumph of genius,—none can have forgotten it—it made you almost in love with death,—there was no heart, it did not melt; the annals of the stage can furnish little that approaches, nothing that is beyond it." "I have heard Cooper spoken of by some of my English friends, who saw him at the Park Theatre, I think you call it, in New York. They thought him a fine actor on the whole, though rather uniform and heavy. The fact is, perhaps, it was then the fashion to admire the Kean school, and nothing goes down, you know, that does not conform to the London standard of the day, however bad it may be." "Exactly. Right or wrong, let it but be the fashion, and the point is settled. The time *was*, when taste presided over fashion, but that good old time (all times when old are good, according to Lord Byron,) is past and gone; "our new heraldry is" fashion, not taste. It was but the other night, that,—unless a glass of Holland's had impaired my optics! I saw an African woman, black as the blackest of her sable race, seated in the "dress circle" at Drury Lane,—while your favorite Mime from Paris, (whose name I can't pronounce, being not yet out of my Grammar,) was exhibiting to a "delighted audience," the elegant and edifying gambols of a bear, or some other equally interesting brute.

With regard to the opinion of your English friends, who thought Cooper "heavy," I would reply, that, if ever he is heavy, it is only where the part is too light for him. Fine energies are never thoroughly roused, except on occasions worthy of them,—no encouragement, by the way, to your dull, drawling, matter-of-fact-fellow; *his* heaviness is organic; the waveless calm of "gentle dullness," rarely visited by a thought, except of thrift.

In reference to the other point you speak of, Cooper's uniformity, it is but the condition of every thing intrinsically great. Look at St. Paul's! its very grandeur imparts to it an air of sobriety and sameness, but not *tameness*. The west end of London may with equal taste and truth be taxed with uniformity; but who will deny that it is a uniformity infinitely imposing? "Well, well; but how comes it that Cooper should be neglected among you, if his powers be of the high order you describe?" I will tell you. He will play twice, perhaps, the same season, before the same audience, in our several cities. They will flock to see him; overwhelm the house at his benefit, and frequently call for him at the end of the play—but what of all that? They would do as much were an elephant to be exhibited. They pay their dollar, and receive an equivalent, or something more than an equivalent,—but then they may not think so; they want the amusement and relaxation of an evening, and, like every thing else of the kind, it must be paid for. This argues nothing, and is mere selfishness. A fashionable tailor may be on the eve of bankruptcy at the very moment that I give him ten pounds for a coat. I give him the money because I want the coat, and not that I care a sixpence about the state of his affairs. If I were asked the next minute to subscribe half a crown for his relief, I should probably grumble, and give it, if I gave it at all, with an ill grace. In the same way, the play-going gentry in America will flock to the theatre to see Cooper perform, and yet they shook their heads when, some eight or ten years ago, it was proposed to present him with a medal, as a mark of the high esteem entertained for his professional merits. A compliment of this kind was paid to Kemble, and Kean also,—for the English are true to their men of merit; whereas the republican spirit of the American States, which prompts their people to curtail their wants by lopping off their desires in *some* things; and in keeping with which one of their daily editors announced to the world, not long since, that the "consciousness of having done his duty, was not the only reward which an American citizen should be ambitious of, or consent to receive"—the plain and unsophisticated sense of Jonathan, I say, took the alarm at the mention of the medal—it would "establish a dangerous precedent," a favorite phrase of Jonathan's, when he is at a loss for ideas,—and Cooper and the medal were, accordingly, forgotten.

Now, sir, this is what I call neglect. It shows the absence of that higher appreciation of merit, which, after all, is the only appre-

ciation on which talent cares to set a value. And yet in some of the American States you find them distributing "medals" in abundance for the best bull, or the finest head of cabbage, while in others the young Miss who manufactures a vegetable bonnet, is sure to obtain a vote of thanks, and money into the bargain. There are clever men in America, but, *indocilis pauperiem pati*, they are driven abroad to earn their profit and their praise. We send you authors, artists, essayists, actors, &c.; and in return you send us dyers and scourers! an exchange that sufficiently exemplifies the difference in the nature of the two markets. As your Irish laborers get something like two dollars a day for carrying mortar in New York, I should hope that my friend M—— will not be denied some little recompense in London, because he happens to be addicted to a pursuit not exactly bottomed on the *cui bono*, and the *quid pro quo*—the great fundamental maxim of Utilitarian Americans. "M——" we asked, agreeably surprised, and permitted for the first time to put in a word—"is M—— in London?" "Just arrived, sent to ask him to take wine with me. Do you know him?" We have that pleasure, and shall be really glad to see him." "There he is." A loud ring of the bell announced our friend. He entered looking uncommonly well, and sporting a new Wig—a genuine whig in principle himself. "Hang it, M——, you should not have rung the bell." "Not ring the bell," asked the astonished guest, why what do you mean?" "The bell, my good fellow, is appropriated, in London, to servants. Gentlemen *knock*." This piece of information we had ourselves received, but a short time before, from our talkative friend, who, having been two years in London, was familiar with many of its practices and conventional forms, and who now seemed to derive renewed satisfaction from having an opportunity of again imparting a portion of his various cabala to one of the uninitiated.

Poor M—— seemed quite put out at the idea of having thus committed himself; and, indeed, he appeared to regard the unlucky mistake as prophetic of miscarriage to his hopes in London. H—— proceeded, however, to fill our glasses, and passed on to the subject of "titles," as he called them, in America. "You have a hankering after them in the U. States. Nay, never deny it. Look at the superscription of your letters—at your visiting cards. Here is a note you sent me the other day, addressed to C. H——, *Esquire*. Now you have no right to attach an "esquire" to any man's name in America, let him be whom he may. You call your Ambassadors, members of Congress, of your State Legislatures, Judges, &c. "Honourables." Your Governors you term "Excellencies." By and by you will have "Right Honourables," and then you will go to the devil of course." We here endeavored to represent to our sturdy republican, that it was after all a mere matter of comity; and that the terms "Honourable," "Excellency," &c., were recognized as applying not so much to the persons of individuals, as to the offices

they might happen to fill ; that the terms were official, not personal—as was evinced in the common practice of giving to a Judge, or Governor of a State, the mere style of the particular office,—as Judge this, or Governor that. For heaven's sake, we ventured to proceed, Sadducees that we are in our political principles, let us not lapse into Quakerism in our political forms. There is nothing more subversive of the national dignity, than this dead *levelling* in our manners. If every boar or blockhead is at liberty to draw himself up to his height, and, measuring himself beside you, to tell you, in the true spirit of republican equality, "I am as good a man as you are"—why let us build huts at once—put our President in a log house ; and clothe ourselves in bear skins and deer skins." "Well, a truce to politics," said H——. "What is the news, M——? Heard from the manager?" "Not a syllable—as yet." "Ah ! rather ominous that. Nevertheless pluck up. Men may be pretty much the same here as in America, but managers are not. Like the editors and booksellers here, they are the most conceited and impudent dogs in the world. When did you write?" Two days ago ; and the letter was no sooner penned than delivered—the wafer had not time to dry." "The wafer !" ejaculated H——, with a look of stupefaction, at which poor M—— turned pale,—“the wafer ! and did you *wafer* your letter ?” “Most assuredly. Would you have had me send it open ?” “Better not have sent it at all. My good fellow, you have laid *yourself* open to—it is all explained ! I am not in the least surprised at your not having received an answer,—*that* circumstance sufficiently accounts for it.”

This last assurance completed the ignorant wonder of the unsophisticated son of Melpomene, and his features may here be said to have developed themselves in broad, rather than bold, relief—acted upon as they were by a piece of intelligence which, while it left him in the dark upon the subject it was designed to elucidate, gave rise to certain vague yet serious misgivings in the already doubting mind. “What is there wrong in the matter ? Is there any *etiquette* that I have omitted,” at length faintly articulated the unhappy candidate for an engagement at Drury Lane. “Knowledge gained by experience, is in most cases a *purchase* and in many a fatal one,” gravely responded H——, and with a look which some would call wise, but in which you might detect the predominance of a secret feeling of satisfaction,—so much for the maxim of the immortal Frenchman ! “You have indeed committed a breach of etiquette, and to a degree that may prove of moment to you, I am sorry to say.” These prefatory bodings over, our worthy friend then proceeded to induct his transatlantic pupil into some of the many mysteries of life in London,—that vast labyrinth, through and out of which he who shall successfully explore his way, will be tempted to recur to the story of the mystic branch of the Sybil as no fiction. Elevating his feet upon the chair before him, throwing back the one

on which he sat, and gracefully resting his right arm on a third, the oracle of the listening circle poured forth enunciations calculated in no small degree to electrify the luckless individual to whom they were addressed. "In London, life, in all its relations and modifications, from the peer down to the porter, is regulated with the strictest and nicest regard to the graduations of a scale as yet but little known or understood on the other side of the Atlantic. The lines and proportions of this scale may be described as the great harmonic series, from a due observance of which, result the grandeur, the security, and, let me add, the celebrity of this far famed city. Every man here knows his place, or is very soon taught to know it—and this is as it should be. Whilst I am opposed to the silly and slavish practice of styling members of Congress "Hon orables," and Governors of States "Excellencies," I am at the same time as decidedly in favor of the system which regulates *society* in the old world; a system the wholesome efficacy of which you cannot fail to perceive and feel in all your dealings with the people, and your intercourse with their rulers—a system which teaches this 'nation of shopkeepers' at once to respect, or where they cannot respect, to show an outward deference to those above them in rank or station; and at the same time to understand and appreciate their own footing, and to set a just value on their own claims to respect. I speak of the *people*—pretenders there are here, as every where, in middle life, who ape and cringe to their superiors—but these poor exceptions do not deserve to be taken into the account.

"Perhaps the most striking effect produced by this system upon the manners and morals of the people, is to be seen the sort of necessity under which they seem to consider themselves placed, of *rising*, as far as possible, to the standard of their betters—a generous and praiseworthy feeling, the very reverse of which would seem now to be at work in America, where the object—the struggle—appears to be to *bring down* this standard to the level of the republican mass." Here our friend made a pause, apparently forgetting that one of the listeners, at least, had been prepared for an explanation, rather than a disquisition. "All this may be very true, but as I have neither time nor turn for speculations of the sort, I will thank you to throw some light, if you can, upon the seeming mystery connected with the *wafer*?" "There is no mystery, at least to my mind, in the following *fact*." "Pray proceed." "The term 'gentleman,' is in London altogether, or very nearly altogether, conventional—think me neither sarcastic nor satiric; it is true; for the consistency or propriety of the application of the term, is determined by money—not merit. Thus A or B may keep his shop in Cheapside, or the Strand, but, provided he have a distinct private 'establishment,' and at such distance from the place of business, as shall effectually prevent his carrying with him any portion of the impure air of the latter into the empyrean of the former, the shopkeep-

er is merged in that circumstance—for the moment he “shuts up shop,” he becomes a “gentleman” by virtue of his “private residence.” I do not know how the matter exactly stood in the case of the author of “Caleb Williams,” when he kept his little retail book shop just west of Temple Bar—but, reasoning upon the rule thus laid down in London, we are left to infer that, as the private residence makes the gentleman, the gentleman,—though born and bred—cannot make the shop, which unmakes *him*—for if the vulgar (“by which,” said Mirabeau, “I mean people of every class who reflect but little”) enjoy a prescriptive right to the consideration due only to the gentleman, by virtue of their rack-rent, by a parity of reasoning, the man of talent, who shall be well born withal,—lacking these sources of gentility—must be content to know that his claims and pretensions are no longer considered as belonging to the class of the *bien nes*—and here we are arrived at the point. The distinctions of rank in this country, run into the minutest details, all of which go to make up the grand total in favor of the privileged classes; and there is perhaps no one circumstance better calculated than this to repress the workings of inordinate pride in minds the most gifted. Not so in the U. States. The Americans are republicans of the old school—that is of the French Revolution. It is no uncommon thing there to see in a fashionable drawing-room, playing off all his expressive airs and graces, one who, but a few hours before, might be seen marking goods before the door of his—we know not whether to call it—shop; his hands probably not free from the blots and blemishes of trade. The mere gentleman, or man of merit,—unless he be rich,—stands little or no chance in a contest with one of these ‘citizens;’ and it is curious to observe how admirably drilled by mammas, aunts, and other *disinterested* female Arguses, are all the younger, marriagable,—we were on the point of saying *marketable*,—ladies, who seem as if furnished with a sort of sixth sense of extraordinary acuteness in these matters. In the best society in America you are sometimes elbowed by persons of this sort, whose cool assurance is proportioned always to the consequence which they know the length, depth and breadth of their ledgers are considered as entitling them to assume. In South Carolina, some fifteen years ago, there existed an elegant aristocracy untainted by these admixtures, which have adulterated the societies of our cities; but the good old stock in that State is in the main exhausted; and the descendants of gentlemen tread no longer in the steps of their fathers; but, bowing to the ‘necessities of the times,’ daily barter the family name for an equivalent or, given amount, in the ‘funds.’” “Good God,” at length exclaimed M——, to whom all this appeared *raisonnement ennuyee*, “when am I to hope for an explanation about the wafer!” “Be quiet,” coolly replied H——; “my way of coming to the point is my own.” “It’s a very bad way then, I must tell you.” “Now will you be quiet. Keep cool. John Neal wrote a

book once called 'Keep Cool'—there's nothing like keeping cool—or 'Keep Cool' either ! So be quiet. In keeping, then, with this state of things in America, are the forms and ceremonies observed in their good society ; and I hardly know of any one circumstance, in *this* country, more characteristic,—however trifling it may at first appear,—than the application that is made of the wax and the wafer,—you see I have come to the wafer at last. You appear to forget that the usages of different countries vary according to the opinions and institutions of the people ; and thus, because the wafer is indiscriminately used in America,—yes, even in letters to ladies—forgetful of Lord Chesterfield's injunction, who is sometimes right, in spite of what has been said of the manners and morals of his book,—you seem, I say to conclude, that for this reason the same practice obtains, or should obtain in London ; and so far you have paid for your error. Sit down then, and at once make amends for the breach of custom and decorum of which you have been guilty, by addressing another letter to the manager, taking care to *seal*, and not wafer it." "I now understand you ; but is the observance of the custom so strict and uniform, that the infraction of it, accidentally, or otherwise, is to subject one to the mortification, I should say the indignity, of having one's letter unanswered?" "Undoubtedly it is ; for it is not one of those practices 'more honored in the breach than the observance ;' but is, on the contrary, quite as well settled a point as the style of address used in approaching noblemen, and persons of that class. And now I suppose you thoroughly understand me ? The wafer is used alone to trades-people ; the wax and seal,—all the better for having your 'arms' upon it,—in addressing ladies or gentlemen—the former you cannot approach with too much circumspection, as the proprietor of Berkley Castle can no doubt tell you,—only that *he* would probably use the term *circumvention*, instead of circumspection."

Here the speaker, by a skillful inflection of voice, gave us to understand that he had concluded all he had to say upon the subject—sufficiently interesting, as our readers will believe ; and, having been seated nearly two hours, we now rose and took our leave—duly impressed with the amazing conversational powers of our friend H.—, and holding ourselves, now and here, by no means responsible for his various opinions. People should bear to hear their faults (as who is without them?) provided the voice of reproof come from no unfriendly quarter, and the proprieties of time and place be consulted. To none, however, is that voice so dissonant, as to those who merit its censures, and who are therefore conscious of their justness—unless it be that hopeful class of persons who *cannot* see their faults, and who devoutly believe themselves to be "patterns of excellent nature."

But to return to our subject. The *event* (for we must be permitted to dignify it by that term) which we are about to relate, might

be said to have been in some degree predicted, if we consider the several circumstances that preceded it—trifles in themselves, but like feathers, showing how the wind blew. These circumstances, then, were many of them sufficiently unpleasant, as well as unpromising; but as they yield in point of interest and importance to the grand *finale* of the somewhat tragic drama, we shall pass them over and proceed at once to the main incidents.

It was after an unsuccessful debut in the character of Hamlet, which seemed to destroy his hopes of an engagement,—that our histrionic friend from America,—being on the eve of re-embarkation for his native shores,—was applied to by the London “Philanthropic Society,” (of great respectability) to know if he would consent to play for them on the night (then fast approaching) that had been set apart for the “Benefit of the Society.” We had not seen our friend for several days, and the circumstance of the application and his compliance, we should probably, therefore, have remained ignorant of longer than we would have desired, (for we really took an interest in his success) but for some chance that led us one morning into an obscure by-street, or, rather, lane, where, stuck up at the window of an old and miserable looking house, we saw a handbill, which on approaching we found, to our very agreeable surprise, contained the announcement of our friend’s “Second Appearance,” which was to take place on the ensuing Monday night. “Brutus” was the character selected by the Society,—not “that Brutus who in open senate stabbed the first Cæsar that usurped the world,” but Howard Payne’s. We went immediately in search of M——, and succeeded at length in finding his lodgings. He received us with a smile of satisfaction, which was most cordially reciprocated on our part. He then showed us the letter he had received from the Society, and which was couched in the most respectful and complimentary terms—perhaps a little *too* flattering for sincerity. Of this shrewd suspicion, we, however, gave him no hint, as the matter of the performance was all arranged for the approaching eventful Monday; and as our friend appeared to derive no small satisfaction (which perhaps was natural, for he had no mean opinion of his own powers) from the very handsome terms in which the letter spoke of his performance of Hamlet (the irreversible verdict of the pit and of the press,—who for once agreed—to the contrary notwithstanding) and of the ultimate success of which that performance, it said, gave the undoubted earnest. He now proceeded to put into our hands the play of “Brutus,” saying he would go through the part, in order to enable us to give him our opinion as to his conception of the character—a compliment we did not fail to appreciate, for we knew *him* to be sincere, however mistaken he might be in the estimate he had formed of our judgment in such matters. His conception, then action, voice, all—seemed to us nearly faultless; so good, indeed, that we did not hesitate to tell him that if he was only

so fortunate as to preserve, when *on* the stage, the style and spirit he had just displayed, his success must be complete. Some of his readings he felt a pride, he said, in informing us, were his own, were *new*—a piece of information at which we found it difficult to refrain from smiling, for in the intercourse we have had with gentlemen of his profession,—and it has been not inconsiderable,—we do not remember an instance of an actor of any note who was not ambitious of eliciting a *new reading* of his part, although the character had perhaps gone through an hundred hands. Plays have, in this respect, been fated to undergo an ordeal scarcely less severe than that to which the two testaments have been subjected, but without the same excuse—since it will be admitted that there is little if any of that occult meaning in the former, which it is insisted lies latent in the latter, and which has given rise to those endless interpretations, illustrations and emendations, that have done more harm than good. It is true, we had not, at the time of which we write, read a line of Mr. Payne's "Brutus," so that its merits as a play and literary performance, were altogether new to us. And here we may take occasion to remark, that when Gifford, at that time editor of the London Quarterly Review, undertook to scout this tragedy as destitute both of poetical and dramatic merit, he could either never have read or must have purposely overlooked, a passage in it of singular force and beauty, and well calculated to redeem many of its alleged defects. The play is not by us, nor does our recollection furnish us with the passage as it stands entire in the fine structure of the dialogue, but the idea on which it is built—of turning traitor to one's country at the moment of its undergoing the "mother pangs of struggling childbirth," and thus "aiming the knife at freedom's infant throat,"—clothed as it is in a garb at once poetical, and glowing with the *verba ardentia* of genius, might well have occurred to what we suspect to have been the convenient memory of our modern Juvenal, who, could he have succeeded in extracting any thing half so good from the meritricious dramas of Sheridan Knowles, or any other modern *English* author, would doubtless have "remembered to set it down," with a solicitude little short of that of the wise watch in the comedy, the burden of whose indignant appeal to the magistrates is, "Remember to set me down an ass." A good *set down* was richly due to Gifford for not reading, or for purposely overlooking (as was more probably the fact) this passage, when he undertook to review Mr. Payne's production—in either case he was unfit for his office; but, in the words of Lord Byron, "we know what would have been fit for *him*."

Our business at present, however, is not with the play, but with the performance of it on the memorable night that was to seal, for weal or for woe, the fate of our friend M——.

The announcement, then, of the performance by an American actor, of a play written by an American author, had the effect of

drawing a full house. M——— was in excellent spirits ; but, alas, he had taken a cold, and his lungs (never very strong) waxed weaker as the crowd waxed stronger. This circumstance, it is needless to say, made sadly against him. The moment that was to make or mar his professional fortunes in London, at length arrived, the bell rang, the curtain drew up, and “Lucius Junius” was in a few seconds ushered upon the stage! He looked well, and was well received ; but the moment he spoke we could perceive that his self possession was gone—and our hopes, we confess, went with it.

In the scene, however, with the Prince, (Sextus Tarquin) and in the terrible imprecation which Brutus, now indeed “mad with reason,” calls down upon him at the avowal of the diabolical deed of the monster, there was displayed a force of acting, which, had it been kept up in other parts of the performance, must have secured favor for the actor, and realised his most sanguine hopes. With that fine scene, the interest of the play, (and this has been charged upon it as a grievous fault) is known to cease ; and along with it appeared to decline the powers of the performer.

It has been said that Mr. Payne might have made more of the “conspiracy” scene than he has done. He perhaps knows best. Certain it is, that too much of what we believe is technically styled *still action*, and, consequently, *acting*, ensues after that scene—when Brutus “throws the visor of his madness from him.” It was the opinion of Aristotle, that what may be termed the *still life* of tragedy, should always be the most labored. The reason is obvious, but does not seem to have governed Mr. Payne ; and though there be an interest hanging around the fate of “Titus,” (the son of Brutus) and a deep sympathy with the mental struggles of the father, who seeks in vain to merge the parent in the Roman patriot,—still, the whole proceedings, in the last act of the tragedy, have so much of the air of a court of criminal justice about them, that the feelings are not sufficiently carried along for the purposes of the drama ; and the acquiescence of the spectator in the justice of the dreadful doom pronounced by the father upon the son, is one of loathing—if the head sanction, the heart shudders at it!

But we have lost sight of our friend. On the falling of the curtain there was a faint call for the actor, but—O! horror!—the ladies laughed ; the gentlemen groaned ; and the pit,—extraordinary to relate,—the pit was silent ; and the performance for the next night was announced, without a repetition of the call for our friend.

“Reason!” exclaims the son of Agamemnon, “who talks of reason?—better to have none, than but a little.” So, too, did we think that better had it been had there been no call at all for our friend M———, than *such* a call!—so faint, so spiritless. Still, it afforded a “loup to hang a doubt upon,” and of that doubt did we

avail ourselves—for grieved are we to say, that the unlucky suggestion, which led to the *scene* of the next night, came from ourselves,—though offered with the best possible intentions.

Not many minutes after the falling of the curtain, some half dozen of us, accordingly, waited on our friend, who had hastily retreated from the Green Room to his lodgings,—where we found him enjoying his pipe, and with an air of resignation that seemed truly philosophic. “Why the deuce, M——, did you not come forward when the audience called for you?”

“Because they did not call loud and long enough. The call seemed to be in the spirit of the man who says to an acquaintance, ‘I shall always be glad to see you’—which means, come if you choose, but neither come often, nor stay long.”

Well, I can only say that I am convinced,—judging from your performance to night, and the call that *was* made for you,—whether long or short, matters not—that if we avail ourselves of the opportunity, that will be afforded us to-morrow night, to make a *decided* call for you, and to *insist* either on your appearing before the house, or upon an explanation being given by the manager, why,—when the audience seemed satisfied with your performance,—you were yet excluded from the boards, instead of being engaged for so many “Nights,” like every other successful debutante,—that we shall gain our point, and thereby do you a service.

The proposal, being relished, was at once agreed to by all present; and it was accordingly resolved that we should, without loss of time, proceed to secure a certain number of backers, aiders and abettors,—for it was a scheme of *force*, and one which neither the house nor the manager were likely to concur in,—a conviction that did not deter us, however, from attempting its execution. Having arranged our plan of attack, we assembled at our friend’s room about 6 o’clock the next evening; and, having made as judicious a disposition of our forces as we could, we repaired without further delay to the scene of action. An editor, with three coadjutors, stationed themselves in the pit,—it having been determined that he of the quill,—being a man of ready parts,—should be spokesman on the occasion; while Capt. P—— and ourselves took up our position in the second tier of boxes, so as to be able to *catch the call* as it rose from the pit,—while at the same time it would tend to obviate the appearance of being preconcerted, as that must have proved fatal to our hopes. The house was crowded,—Macready playing “Leontes.” It was in that thrilling scene where he is gazing fixt in love and wonder, on the statue of “Hermione,”—when not a whisper reached the ear from any part of the vast assembly around us,—the very gallery hushed to silence—that the Captain, seemingly forgetful of the place he was in, and, indeed, of what he was about,—observed to us, in a tone audible to the whole box,—“M——’s chance will be a bad one after such acting.” The peo-

ple near us, as might be supposed, stared first at the witless speaker, next at us, and then at each other! but without meeting with any explanation of the singular words they had heard—and so their eyes again reverted quickly to the stage, as though nothing had happened. “My good fellow,” said we, “you have betrayed our secret.” He looked somewhat confused, colored up, and transferred himself to another box. The critical moment was now fast approaching. The play at length concluded—the curtain fell—the bell rang, and it again rose, when one of the actors, on coming forward to announce the next night’s performance, was saluted, just as he emerged from behind a wing of the stage, by the voices of three persons who suddenly and simultaneously jumped up in the pit, and cried out, “Roscius! Roscius!” The poor actor drew as suddenly back, and looked perfectly petrified—and there stood the three corresponding statues in the pit, riveted to the spot—incapable of further word or movement—and with the astonished eyes of the whole house fixt upon them!

“One stupid moment motionless they stood,”—

when, with a sort of mechanical revulsion of limb, they dropped down into their seats, as though the spine of each had been suddenly cut,—the laughter of the house closing over them, and consigning them to — their own reflections! The Captain and ourselves had been equally taken by surprise by the sudden abruptness of the “call,” (the fact is, that through trepidation they had been before their time,) and we sat speechless. “We had better have let this alone,” said he, at length, as we left the box, and were again permitted to breathe freely. “Yes,” was our reply, “could we have foreseen such a result, which has certainly arisen, in a great degree from the want of a little address and self-possession on the part of our friends in the pit.” The experiment had utterly failed, however, —and could not be renewed; and with the awkward and embarrassed feeling which usually accompanies defeat, we returned to the room of the ill-starred individual, whose cause, confided to our hands, had thus miscarried. On entering the house we were at once enveloped in tobacco smoke, while a strong smell of Hollands (shall we say it?) greeted our olfactories! We proceeded, with solemn steps and slow, up stairs, and entered our friend’s room, just in time to see

* * * * *

We ceased to be astonished, however, on discovering the state our friend was in. His feet were elevated upon the table near him, and almost above his head, while his liquid yet languid eye seemed engaged in tracing the evolutions of the smoke which ever and anon he sent up in dense volumes to the ceiling. Habitually temperate, it was impossible to resist the conviction that, on the pre-

sent occasion, anticipating, from his long experience in such matters the probable failure of our enterprise, he had formed the deliberate resolution of taking—not his life—but “a glass too much,”—in order to deaden, for the night at least, the pain of a disappointment, which, after six or eight hours sleep, he would recur to, as we hoped, with feelings of “christian resignation.”

We sat down, but our friend spoke not,—altered neither look nor position. It was by an effort that we refrained from laughing,—for altogether it was one of those grave farces in which the ridiculous arises out of the want of proportion between the occasion and its solemnity. At length we told our story, which our friend listened to very patiently; and, in the end, really seemed to dismiss all unpleasant feelings in the smoke which he puffed from his “Maryland Returns.” The next morning we found him “packing up,” and in four and twenty hours he set sail for America, where we had the satisfaction to believe he was likely to do well, in spite of his London “Debut.”

HYMN.

ADAPTED TO THE LATE ANNIVERSARY OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY

WHEN spurning Power's despotic yoke,
At Freedom's call our fathers woke,
Lo, God stretched forth his arm of might,
And led them safe thro' danger's night.

He, who of old from bondage brought
His chosen people. He who wrought
His signs in Sinai's desert land—
Who holds the nations in his hand—

Who hung the earth, and stretched the north,
'Twas He who led our fathers forth!
He brought them o'er the untried sea,
Bade them be faithful—and be free.

Their altars then to him they raised;
In freedom then Jehovah praised;—
And still descend from sire to son,
The chartered rights their valor won.

Now, by the prayers the pilgrims said,
Now by the blood the patriots shed—
Those glorious rights, they toiled to gain,
We vow unbroken to maintain.

While humbly at thy throne we bow,
God of our fathers! *hear that vow!*
An offering meet from us to Thee,
God of the faithful and the free!

W. M. A

THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

[The following description of an Indian Village is from a well known contributor. It bears all the marks of having been the result of personal observation, and we should not doubt of the felicity and truth of the portraiture, even if we had not the assurance of the author, that it is from the life. The slight touches of satirical philosophy which the narrative contains, contribute not a little to its liveliness.—ED.]

NATURE and Freedom! These are glorious words
That make the world mad. Take a glimpse at both,—
Such as you readily find, when at your ease,
You plough the ancient military trace,
From Georgia to the Burnt-Corn settlements—
Or higher up, if it so hap you speed
Where the gaunt Choctaw lingers by the swamps
That fence the Yazoo, or the Chickasaw
Steals his hog nightly from the woodman's close,
And gets a furlough from all service thence
In a keen bullet at an hundred yards.
Uplift thy glass, and tell me what thou seest.

A screaming brat that, lashed upon his board,
Hangs rocking in the tree—the dam beneath,
A surley drudge, that never once looks up,
But hills and hoes her corn, as if her soul
Lay clamoring there for sudden and strong help,
And perished in her pause—a base cur,
Mangy and most unclean, that yelping runs
For shelter at our coming—two green skins,
That clothed their living dinners yester-morn,
Wrapped round a tree and fastened there with pegs—
A group of women, who around one hole
Bend down, clay-gathering, for their pots and pans,
For baking which, a fire stands close at hand,
A most unstented blaze—five filthy hats
Rise in the back-ground, without order strown,
Reeking with smoke and stench—a reservoir
For all earth's putrid and unwholesome things—
And, ranged along the fence, immovable,
Each with his rifle, tomahawk and knife,
Five chiefs—renowned no doubt—all vigorous men,
Ready for strife and trial, scalp and stroke,
But monstrous lazy. There is 'Turkey-Foot,'
Not slow to run—Achilles like, his heel,
Is sadly mortal—and 'Flat Terrapin,'
No runner he, I ween. A braver man
Than the 'Gray Weazel' never sought the fight,
But then he loves his grog, and now, even now,
Not scrupulous to meet a stranger's eye,
See his head dangles on the unsinew'd neck,
And bobs from side to side. The 'Crooked Path'—
A double-dealing rogue, wears just the look
Of an old Cutpurse, and among his tribe
Such is his high renown—no counsellor
Can cope with him in subtle argument,—

No fox-like politician double so
In getting round the wild 'Cape Positive,'
To channel 'non-committal'—happy he,
To steer between those breakers, 'yes' and 'no,'
Yet leave no furrow on his sinuous path,
As guide point to a troublous enemy.
Last of this group, behold old 'Blazing Pine'
Though but a pine knot now. His seventy years
Have all been tasted, yet his limbs are strong
And bear him still in the chase. His keen eye
Not often fails to mark—his steady hand,
Still sends the bolt with most unerring stroke
Into the brown deer's flank.

These warriors brave
Will all be drunk by night—the sober now
Drunk with the drunkest—the already drunk,
In passing even themselves, i' the deepest deep
Of most unqualified drunkenness and dirt.
Then, in their madness, with their emptied bottles
They'll break the old squaw's head, and she will fly,
Howling for vengeance. She will swim yon stream,
Her blood still streaking as she flies along,
The wave that beats against her shatter'd skull.
Seeking for safety 'mong her kindred tribe
Of the 'Mud Turtles,' she will head a war,
And they will lose their scalps with infinite grace
To one another. War, with its long train,
Its toils and injuries, will rive their fields,
Destroy their little maize crops and frail towns,
And leave them starving. Want will then produce
The peace that came not with prosperity,
And they will link their arms, and in small groups,
Steal nightly over to the opposite shore
And rob the Squatter's farm yard. Cows and calves
They'll drive across the stream. The young corn
They'll burst from its green column, and the pigs
They'll barbacue as well at an Indian fire
As at a white man's muster. What comes next?
The Squatter goes against the Savages,
And drives them, a most sad necessity,
Much mourned by modern-mouthed philanthropy,
Into yet deeper forests. Five years more,
And the foul settlement we gaze on now
Will be a city of the paler race,
Having its thousand souls. Churches will rise,
With taverns on each hand To the right, see,
A gloomy house of morals, called a gaol,
And from the town hall, on the opposite square,
You shall yet hear a wide mouthed orator;
Discourse of freedom, liberty and law,
In tones shall make your blood throb, and your hair,
Rise up in bristles. Turning you shall see,
'Flat Terrapin,' 'Grey Weasel,' or perchance,
The aged 'Blazing Pine,'—a Christian now.
Cowering, bewildered 'mong the heedful crowd
Who hang delighted on the patriot's words
Heedful, delighted, drunk as any there!

SABRADOR.

SABRADOR was a young Prince, who reigned over one of the fairest islands in the Indian Seas. It was a spacious province over which he ruled, and several tributary kingdoms submitted without murmuring to his sway, which was at once mild and decisive. This Prince had frequent occasion to observe the extreme wretchedness of many persons of merit in his kingdom, whom the chances of fortune, or their own peculiar avocations continued to keep in poverty. Men of talent, he saw, and regretted to see, were frequently in utter danger of starvation, wanting the commonest necessities of life, simply, as it seemed to him, because the common medium of barter and exchange in his dominions, was in too small quantity to supply properly all his people. Its value, which came only from its scarcity, he regarded as intrinsic; and without looking farther into the subject, he conceived that the remedy lay in a more free circulation of the current medium. The symbol of money in his dominions was a beautiful and tiny shell, with a purple streak upon the inner line, and a rich saffron edge. It was brought from an island, remote from his empire, situated in a valley very difficult of access, surrounded by the highest mountains, and completely encircled by a broad river, which was perpetually ruffled by the wildest inland tempests. By an enactment of the venerable ancestry of this young prince, the last day in every year had been set apart, from immemorial time, for taking a voyage to this secluded island, and bringing home a supply of this invaluable treasure. The quantity thus brought, was, however, always carefully limited. It was measured on each occasion in the crown of the reigning prince, which was always carried for this purpose along with the party sent on the expedition. Thrice filled was the arbitrary limitation of the laws, and this quantity had been always conceived adequate to the wants of the country for the following year. One measure was devoted to the gods, one to the government, and one to the people. The part appropriated to the gods was employed for the places of public worship, and the uses of the priesthood; that for the government, in strengthening the hold which the regulations of society should have upon all men alike, and no doubt for the building of gaols and penitentiaries. As these became necessary in the progress of the people to good breeding and civilization; the third and last measure was distributed, according to their several orders, among the great body of the citizens. These provisions of the old law had always been held in great esteem among the aged sages of the land. "It is impossible," said they, "to amend them. They are the concentrated wisdom of ages and a long experience," and strongly did they counsel the young prince Sabrador against any innovation. But like all enthusiasts, who believe in impulses in preference to truth, the young man scorned the

wholesome advice. As we have already said, he was greatly affected to behold the suffering and miserable condition of so many worthy and meritorious citizens, whom he determined thereupon to relieve, for he was a prince with a good temper, and a heart naturally benevolent, but with a head wanting in that discreet reflection and cool habit of searching plans to their consequences, which could alone make the other qualities of his nature, valuable to others, and of honor to himself. His scheme of finance grew into a favorite idea, and he rashly decreed the prosecution of his experiment.

In spite of all the remonstrances of the aged men, and of his own tutor, the sage Haraspes, in particular, who, with tears in his eyes, endeavored to dissuade the youth from his design, Sabrador went forward recklessly in his purpose. He broke in pieces the sacred stone upon which this wise law on the subject of the currency was engraven, and having fitted out the barque usually employed on such occasions, he took with him the few of his young associates who had approved his projects, and set his sails over the broad seas that lay between him and the green island where the purple shells were found. Their course for some time lay gently along an almost waveless ocean. The season was serene and pleasant, and all things smiled auspiciously upon the voyagers. After a few days they reached the land, and soon began to ascend the high mountains which girdled in the waters, in the bosom of which the little island was situated. This was no easy labour. The mountains were difficult of ascent, and the difficulty was increased by the necessity which they were under of carrying with them the little barque which had already brought them so far. This, they were compelled to bear upon their shoulders across the mountains in order to employ it in crossing the waters which still lay between them and the island. Sabrador half repented of his undertaking; but he was sanguine and enthusiastic, and his pride was too deeply interested in the success of his project to permit of his giving it up after its commencement. He pressed forward indefatigably, and soon had the satisfaction of finding himself across the rock, and gazing upon the chafing billows which lay tossing and troubled before his eyes, agitated by all the furies of an inland tempest. He was compelled to pause until the tempest had subsided, and this pause gave him some time for reflection. The labour which he had undergone, the risks already encountered, and those which still rose terribly before him, caused him for a moment to reflect that the gods must have had some design in view, by thus placing the precious things of earth so very much out of the reach of mortals; but as the course of his thoughts, in suggesting the doubt, was yet not sufficiently imperative to lead him on to the proper results of his difficulty, by which he might have solved his conjecture, and found a wise reason for the fact, he soon ceased to trouble himself with the scruple which he nevertheless felt. When the storm ceased, he launched his little

vessel, and embarking instantly, after some hair breadth escapes, he reached the beautiful island with his companions, in safety and comparative good humour. Once there, the prince regained all his former equanimity, and without delay, marshalling his followers to the task, they all proceeded to gather the rich stores of the island. Never had the party beheld so infinite a treasure; and, after the first tumults of their delight had subsided, they began to sicken with the very profusion all around them. The evil already began to work strongly among them, for they now amused themselves, the prince Sabrador among the foremost in chasing one another about the island, and pelting away the beautiful shells without any consideration of their foreign value. Certainly, the prince and his party were no merchants. In this sport the shells were crushed under foot and broken, hurled from sight and lost, and as they played without reflection so they failed to perceive the great diminution, which had followed their practices, in the heap of shells which they had first seen at coming. The sycophants about the prince, who, in former days would have descended to all manner of meanness, for a single shell, did not bestow a solitary thought upon the vast numbers which they wantonly squandered away; for the profligate mind is a drunkard that is only to be sobered by impoverishment, and which profusion only keeps in a sad insanity.

At length the prince took his departure, having filled his little barque with the riches of the island. He had stripped it of its wealth, and he now left it utterly barren. The return voyage was neither so pleasant nor so promising as the former. They encountered heavy storms. The Gods seemed to frown upon them--rocks rose in their way, upon which they had nearly run headlong; and in one terrible tempest, their vessel nearly filled with water from the great weight of the treasure on board, one half of which they were compelled to cast away into the raging sea, in order to the preservation of their own lives. They reached home after much difficulty, danger and delay, heartily sick of their journey, and not altogether satisfied with the general character of their adventures. But all dissatisfaction was forgotten in the great *eclat* which followed the return of Sabrador. Festivities of all kinds succeeded, and the people, who were generally pleased with the object of the prince's late mission, and who anticipated largely of its fruits, indulged in all manner of pleasant excess upon the occasion, so that the period in the Indian annals, has a phrase borrowed from the popular one at the period, and is, to this day, styled emphatically, "the joy of the season of shells."

At length the immediate tumult, having in some degree subsided, the prince began to put in execution the great design upon which his heart had been so long pondering. Upon a day for that purpose previously set aside, the people, by tens, by twenties, by fifties and by hundreds, made their way to the foot of the throne, each to re-

ceive his share of the appropriated treasure. From the most remote provinces of his dominions they gathered in crowds to the capital, and the poorest, under the improvident distribution of the prince, became even as the richest. They clothed themselves with the costliest raiment—fine gems and gorgeous ornaments covered the forms of persons whom no sort of decoration could commend—the barriers of society and all its just distinctions were broken down, and in the fullness of his exceeding joy, at what seemed to be the outpouring of popular happiness throughout his kingdom, Sabrador called upon those around him to admire the excellence of his work.

Haraspes, alone, shook his head mournfully.

“Be not deceived, my son; you will soon see the beginning of the end.”

“What end?” demanded Sabrador of the wise man.

“Heaven grant that it be not yours, Sabrador,” was the reply.

“What mean you, Haraspes?”

“You will see too soon.”

Even while they spoke there came one from a remote village whom sickness had prevented from coming at the appointed day to share in the general distribution.

“Why came you not upon the day which I had set apart?”

“Alas! my prince, is it my double misfortune to have fallen sick, and to find that alleged and punished as my fault?”

The prince was much troubled in his mind at this reply, for the man was surely guiltless. He had not the power now to yield the new comer the required boon, for he had so lavishly distributed his shells that only a sufficient number had been reserved for the exigencies of state. And other men came in like manner to claim their portion, in like manner to go away discontented. The prince had nothing more to give, and they left his presence not more disappointed than offended. Another cause of offence, not less heinous, was urged against the innovating sovereign. He had not duly discriminated between the objects of his bounty. He had bestowed upon the plebeian an equal amount with that given to the patrician; the mechanic received as much as the professor of the noblest science—the hodman compared his wealth with the aristocrat, and refused any longer the humiliating labour which had hitherto placed him below his neighbor. The fruits of the earth were uncultivated—the markets lacked their usual productions. The money, by reason of its quantity—every body having it in excess—soon lost its former value. It could no longer purchase flour—it could no longer command meat and bread. There was no longer any stimulant to the culture of the farms, and a general famine ensued, in the tumult occasioned by which, the prince Sabrador was assassinated, and a wholesale dealer in grain, who had reserved his stores till the last moment, was raised to the throne in his place.

REMARKS ON A PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER OF THIS JOURNAL, HEADED, "FACTS AND SPECULATION ON CHOLERA.—BY HIS HONOR R. Y. HAYNE."

THE citizens of Charleston are under obligations to their highly esteemed Intendant, for the compendious and useful history of the late pestilence which he has placed upon record. His official opportunities of observation were extensive, and the assiduity with which his duties were performed, sufficiently shows that they were improved. Yet while I thus take pleasure in acknowledging the value of the *facts* he has communicated, I feel myself bound to protest against his *speculations* as hypothetical, and shall endeavor to prove his inferences unfounded.

The important question of the cause of Cholera receives some elucidation from the history of the pestilence in our city and its suburbs. It is not one of the number of malaria diseases, as some have supposed; and the reasons for this conclusion are set in strong relief in the paper to which I refer. The black population among us is specially exempt, as is there forcibly stated, from that extensive class of maladies. They were found to be specially liable to Cholera, and when attacked by it, seemed to fall an easy prey to its destructive energies. A constitutional predisposition to the disease is asserted to be generated by the air of low damp residences—by filth—by irregular and vicious habits. Attacks are brought on by excesses of every kind—by exposure—and above all, it is said, by bad diet. A great many articles have been specified as noxious; among them fish and vegetables were perhaps most dreaded, and in many families absolutely prohibited. I am not satisfied, I will confess, with the evidence offered of the alleged injurious effects of so large a proportion of our ordinary food. I find that numerous households escaped where no change was made in their accustomed manner of living, and that many suffered who had submitted to the severest restrictions. I do not mean to defend any article of diet, of improper or doubtful or dangerous quality in itself considered; I only intend to say that what was safe and proper in 1834, could not be wrong or unsafe in 1836. Let it be remembered that a large number of English physicians, with Dr. Tytler at their head, refer both the origin and extension of Cholera to our favorite bread-stuff, Rice, which they pronounce to be in the highest degree deleterious to health, and that they have brought as many facts and circumstances to bear against this nutritious and valuable grain as can be adduced against any other article whatever—whether fish or water-melon—pea or potato. All *bad diet* must act as an exciting cause of disease. The true question is why this disease should be Asiatic Cholera in 1836—during ten weeks of Autumn—the same effect never before having followed or been occasioned by the same causes—the bad diet namely, the filth, the low and moist habitations, &c.

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas." The cause of Cholera is still a subject of warm dispute. We know *when* it began, but *how* it originated we know as little as we do of the source of Small Pox, Measles, or Scarlet Fever. Concerning its characteristic mode of progression or extension, Gen. Hayne believes he has ascertained some points definitely, and here we are at issue. He infers from his facts and observations, 1st, That Cholera is *not contagious*—and 2d, That it is a local disease. On the other hand I would infer from the same facts and observations that it is contagious, and that contagion is the special and efficient cause to which we must attribute its occurrence and prevalence, and that so far from being "confined to particular spots," it is less local in its dispositions, and more universally pervasive in its spread, than any pestilence which has ever infested our globe. I will consider his propositions in reversed order,—and first the deduction that Cholera is a local disease, there is no doubt of the correctness of the opinion stated—p. 293. "Whatever," &c. But this is not peculiar to or characteristic of Cholera. The same may be predicted with equal truth of every imaginable form of disease. Typhus, Dysentery, Pneumonia, are always most prevalent and most fatal among those "who live on low marshy ground, whose habitations are filthy and ill ventilated, and show accumulation of putrid vegetable matter, who are inattentive to diet and personal cleanliness." These agents aggravate the violence and may perhaps increase the number of attacks of Cholera, but its *independence* of them all is susceptible of abundant proof, if indeed any one dreamed of denying it. We can trace its gloomy march across the Arid Sands of the Persian Desert, amid the wintry snows of Russia, and along the rocky shores of the St. Lawrence, not only unaided by, but in the most direct opposition to all the contingent influences of soil, or climate, or season. There was not a single square in our city, nor on the densely-built part of the adjoining peninsula, in which cases did not occur. It invaded Sullivan's island, a mere sand bank, as it did Folly island in 1332—and shewed itself on the elevated and healthy bluff at Haddrell's point. That it affected greater numbers and carried off more victims in certain situations can be easily and fairly accounted for, without ascribing to it a partiality for particular soils or localities. The *Black* and colored here, are, as has been stated, specially liable to it, and sink to death rapidly when assailed by it. Among *them* it originated—from *them* it spread—and to *them* it attaches itself remarkably wherever it finds them. *Poverty*, with its long train of dismal attendants, cannot fail to enfeeble and deteriorate the physical constitution. But the *free black* is the poorest of the poor, the most improvident—the most filthy—the worst clad—the most ill-fed and ill-housed—the most intemperate—the most vicious of all classes in our country. Now then, the free coloured, and their close associates, the slaves who "work out," as the phrase is, purchasing a licentious freedom, by payment of wages—these

form the dense population of such localities, and these make up a large majority of the deaths from Cholera.

In the wider and better kept streets, and on the more elevated points and ridges are the dwellings of the rich and the comfortable. Yet even in these select positions I know that a great many cases occurred. The physicians of Paris and other cities where this terrible pestilence has prevailed tell us that few escape an attack of more or less definite character—of greater or less severity. The symptoms of this general affection are spoken of in our own country as "premonitories," and by the French physicians were denominated "Cholérine." The state of the body thus denoted was perhaps not so universal here, but it certainly formed the general rule, the exceptions being comparatively few. It was indeed to be expected that the white man, scarcely ever among us *poor*, fed on a generous diet, watching himself and the slaves in his kitchen, with unsleeping attention, well-clad and protected from all the unfriendly influences above referred to, should, if assailed, be seized mildly, and easily relieved from the early premonitory symptoms of the approaching malady.

We come now to the discussion of the more important points, alleged to be "proved to demonstration," viz: That Cholera is not contagious. "Of sixty physicians not one took the disease," says Gen. Hayne. In this particular he has not been fully informed. I myself saw, and prescribed for *one* severely attacked. How many others were affected with Cholérine and checked the beginning disorder by the prompt and judicious use of timely remedies it is not easy to learn. Several, however, were thus invaded in common with the rest of the citizens. It is not probable that more than one in sixty of the white inhabitants within the Bills of Mortality were seriously attacked; the deaths did not amount to more than 59.

So much has been said every where of the peculiar exposedness of physicians and the anticipated results of their exposure, that it may be proper to stop a moment to examine what the argument is worth. For my part I do not regard this matter in the light usually assumed to be the true one. Physicians are not exposed, during the reign of an extensive or epidemic pestilence, more than other men who approach the sick either in their families, or elsewhere, in the performance of official duties, and in the exercise of a virtuous humanity. We must not forget the actual immunity and protection which medical men may be affirmed to derive from their professional habits—their freedom from personal fear and anxiety—their pre-occupation of mind—the comparative shortness of their stay in the sick chamber, and their frequently renewed enjoyment of fresh air and active exercise—their knowledge of the nature and extent of their danger and of the means of lessening the risk and counteracting the hostile influences. I would not hesitate to assert that physicians are *less* exposed to the infection of contagious diseases generally than the

friends and relatives of a patient living in the same house with him, and much less than the nurses and immediate attendants. The power of contagion, as a cause of disease, has been singularly over-rated by the world in general. Of all the causes of disease it is the most subject to limitation and control. Some diseases, palpably contagious, cannot act upon the body until the article is removed by a wound or abrasion, and inoculation thus performed directly or indirectly. Others are rather more efficient and penetrate, upon contact, through the protection of a sound skin. Others act at a little distance, a few feet perhaps; and others still diffuse themselves under favoring circumstances widely through the atmosphere, so that *in a dense population*, (for this condition seems always necessary,) the mere neighborhood is as insecure as a near approach, or absolute contact. These last we call epidemics; such are Hooping-Cough, Measles, Scarlet Fever, and (as I believe,) Cholera. If Gen. H. is inclined to lay any stress upon the negative argument founded on the escape of persons who approach the sick, I would remind him of the prevalence in our city, some years ago, of Small Pox and Varioloid, seizing promiscuously the vaccinnated and inoculated as well as the unprotected. No physician was attacked on that occasion, but no one ventured to infer thence that Varioloid was not a contagious malady.

Thus while I accept, without question, the literal correctness of his statement that he and hundreds of others engaged in frequent visits to the sick escaped entirely, I cannot agree with him as to the inference he would draw from the fact. There must have existed *some cause* of Cholera; to that cause, whatever it was, he must have been exposed in his visits to the locality, the infected district, where lay the sick and the dying; the influence of that cause he escaped or resisted. Does his escape prove that there was no cause of disease there? How can it prove the non-existence of contagion, one among a number of supposed causes? The essential cause of Cholera failed to affect him and others—no matter by what name we designate it, but if this disproves the existence of contagion, it as logically disproves the existence of any cause whatever. I am not desirous of dwelling upon the danger of 'personal contact' in cholera, because I regard it as a highly diffusible contagion; but there are not wanting numerous instances which seem to indicate an increased degree of risk in being shut up with, or closely engaged in attendance upon the sick. There were also many persons actually attacked while "paying the last offices to the dead." But these are points of minor import. Haygarth long ago declared, that it was impossible to trace small pox in its progress, from one person regularly to another. In its visits to this country we have found it impossible to trace it even from one community to another. It exists at this moment in several of our towns and villages at a distance from each other, and no one pretends to be able to trace the connection between its several out-

breaks. Nor has the most minute investigation availed to detect the source of the numerous visitations of Measles and Scarlet Fever, Mumps and Hooping Cough, which, at distant intervals of time and place, afflict our cities and plantations, and strike terror into the hearts of mothers. To establish the doctrine of the contagiousness of any disease, it suffices to prove that as the *Quarterly Review* affirms of Cholera, (and it has not as far as I know been denied) "it follows the great lines and movements of human intercourse."

"It is supposed," says Gen. H. "to have been imported into Charleston by a vessel from the West Indies." We know that it existed in those islands, and that several vessels from thence arrived in our port; if capable of importation there was nothing to prevent its being brought hither. "It is said to have been carried to Santee by a schooner." This has not been doubted, so far as I am aware by any one, and can be proved most abundantly. "But this, if it be so," says Gen. H. "would not go to establish contagion." What kind of evidence then will go to establish contagion? A nice distinction has been attempted to be set up between contagion and infection, but the arguments on this delicate point, whatever be their intrinsic force, do not apply on the present occasion. "The atmosphere in the hold of a ship" may be infected in one sense—that is—as in the infected districts of a city, "to produce yellow fever" in a healthy subject shut up within it.

So the atmosphere in the hold of the Santee schooner may have been in an analogous condition, if it were one of the "particular spots locally infected" with Cholera. But the unfortunate victims of the pestilence on the plantations are not even suspected of having visited that infected district," and it must have been a very small proportion of the cases in which there can have been any supposable intercourse with the schooner. How then can they be imagined to have suffered from the "air in her hold?" No! She carried thither persons sick of cholera; these being landed communicated the disease to others, and thus it spread by a specific contagion, until more than 200 died in that immediate neighbourhood.

What would have been the effect of prohibiting all intercourse between the crew of the schooner and the plantations? Let plain common sense reply — and let the planter hence adduce his future rules for the protection of his negroes.

I cannot omit to repeat the remark of Gen. H., that "the usual precautions for the preservation of the public health in our city, had been in some measure neglected. NO QUARANTINE WAS ESTABLISHED," &c. Contrast this statement, and the subsequent events of this melancholy season, with the history of the importation of the disease into our vicinity in 1832, when the infected brig *Amelia* was stranded on Folly Island beach. Strict quarantine regulations were then instituted and enforced, and our city was saved.

I regret to be obliged to differ so widely from Gen. H. on these important subjects; yet it is some satisfaction to know, that I am far from being solitary in my views, although perhaps in a minority. To the "almost unanimous opinion" as stated by him, several of my most valued professional friends are exceptions, and believe with me in the contagious communicability of Cholera.

It will be seen that I have abstained, as far as possible, from entering into the general character and history of Asiatic-Cholera, as it has appeared elsewhere, confining myself within the scope of the observations made here during the past unhappy autumn. "While thus labouring to be brief, I fear I may have become obscure," but I could not venture upon a more extended discussion in these miscellaneous pages.

In common with the gentleman upon whose paper I have taken the liberty to comment, I have no other object than the discovery of truth; and I am sure, that as there is no individual for whom I entertain a more sincere respect, so there is no one more capable to perceive or more candid to acknowledge the weight and force—if there be any—of the remarks which I have here submitted to the readers of the Southern Literary Journal.

SAMUEL HENRY DICKSON.

DREAMS.

I dreamed my dearest friend before me lay
And death had set a seal upon his brow:
But while I gazed the form had fled away,
And I was left alone, as I am now.
How comforted I was, when break of day
Chased the dark spirit of that dream, and how
My heart within me leapt, because the dawn
Had brought reality, and that sad dream was gone.

Last night within a rustic porch, we two
Were standing, hand in hand; thick woven bowers
Of leaves and odorous blossoms round us threw
A quiet shade, and at our feet were flowers.
Then with a serious look, but fond and true,
He turned to me and said: "This spot is ours,
"We ne'er shall part again." "Why did I deem
Such bliss were truly mine? Alas! it was a dream!

Our dreams! what are they? What do they reveal?
Like soft but subtle dews upon the flower
They chill the heart they only seem to heal.
Old age forgets its weakness for the hour!
Down the closed lid the tears of beauty steal,
And slumbering childhood's start betrays their power.
Still they, unchecked, "*abuse the curtained sleep,*"
Or from unreal joys we only wake to weep.

W.M.A

THE TENDENCY OF REVOLUTIONS.

MAN is a social being. This attribute of his character is clearly indicated by the instincts of his nature, and by the conditions under which he exists. Influenced by these social tendencies, men form themselves into communities and institute civil governments by which the purposes for which they associated may be carried forward. Power must be entrusted to those who administer these governments, and from the nature of the case, this power must, in some measure, be discretionary. Now the love of dominion is an innate principle of human nature, none more early in its developments, or more powerful in its manifestations. Our own observation and the history of past times plainly evince that to this unhallowed love of dominion, the dictates of conscience and the duties of the social relations, are too often found to yield. Rulers not only retain with tenacity the power with which they have been clothed, but grasp at whatever may be within their reach.

To this accumulation of power in the hands of government, another cause is also in some measure subservient. Liberty, when the restraints of education and religion do not operate, is of dangerous tendency. The fierce passions incident to a departure from the laws of God, then burst forth with fearful energy, and render man the enemy of his fellow-man. To avoid these abuses of liberty, men fly to the opposite extreme, and invest government with an authority which may awe the turbulent into submission. They raise a pyramid of despotism high and broad, hoping, that under its shadows they may repose in safety.

Power, thus accumulated in the hands of government, is soon perverted to the injury of the governed. Under the pressure of great practical grievances, they are not slow in discovering the cause and applying the remedy. Men *feel* that they are not mere instruments for executing the purposes of their rulers, but responsible agents, capable of judging for themselves and of supervising the conduct of those who by the regulations of society are placed over them. When then some flagrant violation of the principles of the social compact is attempted by the government, the people not only perceive the attempt, but are emboldened to resist it. Thus they may rebuke the spirit of usurpation, they may force power to retrace its steps, and for a time to keep within its proper limits.

But soon there arises "another Pharaoh, who knows not the people," and actuated by the same motives that influenced his predecessors in power, pursues a similar course. Again are the people roused to a sense of their oppressed condition. Taught by experience, they *now* look *beyond* the immediate cause of the evils which they feel. The repeal of *one* questionable law; the recognition of *one* invaded right, they see is not sufficient to insure their freedom from future oppression. Thus thought and felt the *worthies* of our

Revolution. It was not against *one* or *two* oppressive acts of the British Parliament that they rose in resistance. They looked *beyond* these acts to the principle which they involved. "The spectre," they declared, "was indeed small, but the shadows it cast before it was huge enough to darken all this fair land." As then the evil resides in the principles on which government acts, it is here that the remedy must be applied. The people, rising in the majesty of human nature, demand the restoration of those privileges and the recognition of those rights with which they came originally endowed from the forming hand of their Creator. *This* is what we denominate a revolution.

From this view of our subject, several conclusions naturally arise.

We see that revolutions are not produced by *great men*. This is an error into which we readily fall. We are apt to associate important epochs with the distinguished characters who flourished during their continuance, and to ascribe extraordinary changes to the influence which they exerted. This error is dispelled by contemplating the true and ultimate, though secret, causes by which these changes were effected. The *times* created the *men*, and not the *men* the *times*. Danton and Robespierre and Marat did indeed "ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm" that filled the world with awe and consternation, but it was to the fury of that storm that they owed their elevation.

We see also that every tendency to revolution is not to be deprecated. This is a common and a very natural error. Tell the cursory reader of history of the blessings resulting to mankind as the effects of revolutions, and, pointing to the fires of Smithfield which bear witness to the misguided zeal even of the Reformers, he will reiterate that *downward* sentiment, "an old error is better than a new truth." Tell him of the glorious spectacle presented by a whole people rising in their might, and asserting the right of self-government, and he will point to the fair vineyards of France flowing with the blood of their peaceful husbandmen, and dwell with philanthropic horror upon the dreadful scenes enacted during the "reign of terror." So terrible to his imagination are these scenes, that they leave no room for the contemplation of whatever *good* may have attended them.

But to contemplate these great events on a scale so narrow, is the part of a weak and mistaken philanthropy. To arrive at the truth respecting them, our views should take a wider scope. The remote consequences of events should be observed, and their ultimate bearing noted. The *few* should suffer for the *many*. One generation *ought* to bear the evils of revolution for the benefit of the millions who shall come after it.

Revolutions in favor of free principles, are indications of the advancement of the human race. They show that man begins to feel

"the divinity within him," that he is not to be trammelled by the shackles of custom, and that venerable as are the associations of antiquity, they are not imposing enough to awe him into submission.

Revolutions are also adapted to teach men the true theory of government. What that true theory is, requires here no discussion. The principles on which it rests, are among the first impressions of our infancy, and among the last to which we ever prove recreant. The theories of government which have been and are now generally prevalent, are too palpably unsound to need investigation. While man looks to any source lower than his Creator as the origin of his rights, he cannot escape influences the most degrading. Now the events which transpire during a revolution are specially adapted to manifest the unsoundness of those false theories of government to which we have alluded. During seasons of general tranquillity, the chimera of the divine right of kings has something of plausibility imparted to it by the ordinary course of events. In such seasons all authority seems to reside in the government, all power to emanate from the throne. The great body of the people, the true source of all power, dwindles into comparative insignificance. But in times of revolution it is otherwise. Then the people, withdrawing their accustomed obedience, try the innate strength of the government. They then see that though they may have been used as its mere instruments, they are in reality the pillars on which it rests.

The great principles of rational freedom are fast spreading. It is now seen that the phrase "popular fury" has been applied where "just indignation of the oppressed" would have been more appropriate. Throughout the Southern portion of our own continent, may be discerned the "shining foot prints of the Goddess of Liberty," and among the classic vales of ancient Greece may be felt

"Those heavenly breathings in the air,
That mutely tell *her* spirit has been there."

The generous sympathy which our country has extended to the patriots of other climes, and the manly indignation with which she has denounced the monstrous principles of their oppressors, form one of the brightest pages of her history. May such maxims ever guide her councils, and such sentiments ever glow in the breasts of her citizens.

And now, living as we do, "in these latter days," it must be cheering to the heart of every lover of his race, taking his stand upon the elevation afforded by history, to look back upon the successive stages through which man has advanced to his present high estate; and guided by the light of prophetic illumination, to anticipate the glorious future which awaits him. In the retrospect, there may indeed be some gloomy spots. We are told of the "dark ages," as they have been emphatically termed, a period during which the faith of the firmest believer in man's perfectibility must have wavered. But we are not confined to the contemplation of such passages in

the history of time. There have been short, but eventful, periods (as those to which we have alluded) when a whole people, by one simultaneous effort, have done more for the improvement of the human race, than ages, in the usual course of things had been competent to effect. Upon such periods, standing as landmarks along the track of man's moral and intellectual advancement, it is delightful to pause in contemplation. Still more cheering is it to look forward. The gloomy misanthrope, whose eyes are closed to the illuminations of prophecy, may tell of the fading away of the happy visions in which his youth indulged, and sagely descant upon the lamentable decline of the present generation from the primitive virtue of their forefathers. Shut out the light of revelation, and the prospect seems dark indeed. Banish the influence of christianity, and it may indeed be difficult to discover any cause to counteract the operation of the acknowledged antisocial principles by which man is actuated. But we believe that the time is at hand when man shall have regained that station in the scale of being, from which he has fallen, when "the will of God shall be done on earth, as it is done in heaven." Such is the language, and such the province of revelation. The word of the Almighty has gone forth, and it will not return to him void. How cheering to look forward to the time, when, after successive revolutions, their great object shall have been accomplished; when "wars and rumors of wars" shall be no more heard, when freedom shall every where prevail, and oppression be known only through the legends of tradition! Then will this world be, what its Creator intended it to be, the abode of peace and happiness, presenting such a spectacle

"As Earth saw never,
Such as Heaven may well stoop down to see."

Edgefield Court House, So. Ca.

SURPRISING EFFORT OF INTELLECT.

Robert Austin, a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, was amanuensis to the famous Arabic professor, Wheelock, who employed him in correcting the press of his *Persic Gospels*, the first of the kind ever printed, with a Latin translation and notes. Of this surprising young man, he says, "in the space of two months, not knowing a letter in Arabic or Persic at the beginning, he sent a letter to me in Norfolk, of peculiar passages, so that of his age I never met with the like; and his indefatigable patience, and honesty, or ingenuity, exceed, if possible, his capacity." But his immoderate application brought on a derangement of mind, and he died early in 1654.

JOHN OF LUXEMBURGH.

'Twas on the field of Cressy,
Where many a gallant knight,
Of France's noble chivalry,
Had fallen in the fight;
Bohemia's blind and aged king,
Had wandered from afar,
Once more to hear the trumpet's sound,
The stirring notes of war.

Bohemia's knights and stalwart men,
Had mingled in the fray,
But England's prince and English arms,
Had vanquish'd them that day;
And banner trodden in the dust,
And friends and kinsmen dead,
Had *Charles* of Luxembourg beheld,
Ere on that day he fled.

They bore the tidings to his sire,
That blind and aged man,
And bade him shun by rapid flight,
The wrath of England's clan;
But "never," was his bold response,
"Have I from foeman fled,
And where my friends and honor are,
My life blood shall be shed."

"And ye who would your country's name,
From vile disgrace reclaim,
Come with me to that hostile band,
And wash away the shame;
Oh gird me with my ancient sword,
And bear me to the foe,
And let *Bohemia's* stricken king,
But strike another blow."

They link'd their bridles, rein to rein,
And onwards swept that band,
Oh never on this earth again,
To view their native land;
And in the thickest of the throng,
In honor and renown,
By overpow'ring numbers press'd,
Bohemia's flag went down.

The day hath dawn'd in glory,
Above that field of blood.
And silence reigns unbroken,
Where all those foemen stood;
And there in danger's foremost place,
In death, and sword in hand,
They found *Bohemia's* aged king,
And all his gallant band.

R. M. C.

Savannah, Ga.

THE HUNTSMAN'S TALE.

SOME years ago I travelled through the upper part of this State. I performed the journey on horseback, stopping at any little village where I chanced to arrive at night-fall and resuming my course at an early hour the next day.

It was a fine morning in June. The mowers were in the fields, and the scent of the clover and *vernal-grass* mingled luxuriantly with the freshness of the mountain air. I had commenced the day's journey with the sun, which being many hours now high in the heavens, I began to experience a keen presentiment of breakfast. The road I travelled had brought me to the summit of one of those numerous eminences, whence the eye takes in, at a grasp as it were, long lines of mountain and forest scenery, with scattered villages and plains of rich cultivation. The nearest town seemed to be distant about a mile; but just at the foot of the hill I perceived a solitary farm house to which I made the best of my way, spurred on by visions of

"The swelling loaf of golden brown,"
The bowl with creamy milk supplied."

On a nearer approach I found the mansion somewhat dilapidated, but it was graced with the usual grouping of old elm trees, and the adjoining fields bore marks of recent labour. The house was surrounded in front by a wall of stones, whence two or three projected in the form of steps, by means of which I quickly made entrance to an enclosure luxuriant with weeds. A few thin-leaved poppies struggling up above the long grass denoted that the spot had once aspired to be a flower garden. A tall sun flower stared in each corner, and two lilac bushes, now past their bloom, stood sentinels on either side the door. Fastening my horse's reins over the wall, I advanced and knocked; but receiving no answer to my repeated summons, I gently pushed open the door, expecting to see, as usual, some notable matron busied with her housewifery, or a group of white-headed children playing about the floor; but all was quiet and apparently deserted. I accordingly directed my attention without, and looked around for the cheerful husbandman, mowing his grass, or training the beloved pumpkins and peas of his kitchen garden, but the sounds of rural industry were hushed, and no human form was visible. So giving my horse an encouraging pat, as if to throw the weight of my disappointment upon his shoulders, I was about to re-mount, when on the skirts of a wood at some distance I discerned a figure standing in a thoughtful attitude. I immediately hallooed to him, but, as he answered not, I struck across a field or two, and in a few minutes found myself before him.

If I had possessed the talent of sketching from nature I should have paused to take his picture. The dark wood of pine behind

him, being almost impervious to light, gave a marked and peculiar expression to the outline of his figure. The spot had an aspect of wildness, and the unbending severity of the man's countenance was in keeping with it. He was tall and some peculiarities of his costume denoted the hunter. He stood half leaning against a tree, one gun in his hand, and his half boots, his round flapped hat, his attitude of deep attention, waiting for the deer which had been roused, combined to render him a truly picturesque object.

I accosted him familiarly and inquired if the farm house or cottage I had just visited were inhabited.

"Yes, by me," was his reply.

"Do you live there alone?"

"Yes, since the old man died."

"Your father I suppose."

"No. I stay there only in the hunting season: it is convenient for that. Since old Brown's family was broken up, people don't care to live there much."

These communications he made at intervals, scarcely once glancing towards me, and seemingly still intent on listening for the deer.

"It seems a comfortable pretty spot," said I, after a moment's silence, "why do people object to living there?"

"Oh, some say it is haunted. There was a terrible accident—I suppose you say the two graves in the garden?"

He began now to fall off in his attention towards the game, and as if aroused by the subject, turned round to me, his countenance gradually relaxing into an expression of interest.

"I did not observe them," said I.

"Well, they are pretty much overgrown now. The old man would have his daughter buried there, and when he died he was laid there too. Have you breakfasted?"

"No. I stopped at your cottage intending to trespass on your hospitality, but I perceive you keep bachelor's hall, so I shall proceed to the next town."

His face now brightened into a smile of hospitality and good humour.

"You had better share with me. The deer was close upon us just now, but he is off again."

He opened his wallet as he spoke, drawing forth some bread and cheese, a thick slice of ham, and a horn of cider. I now began to understand him. He was a genuine mountain-boy; rough, cold, and stern in the exterior, but having a fountain within of kind-heartedness, good-fellowship, aye, and good sense too. We sat down together and breakfasted heartily while at intervals I questioned him respecting the late inmates of the cottage, and gathered not without many interruptions and evident marks of feeling in the narrator, the substance of the following story.

Michael Brown was a man well known and much respected in the village. He lost his wife and several fine children while yet a young man; after which misfortune he seemed to avoid companionship and very shortly built and removed to the little farm-house at the foot of the hill, taking with him his only remaining child, a girl of great spirit and beauty, about fourteen years of age. Having neither mother nor other female relative to guide and control her, she became as wild and as wilful as a young fawn. The pet of her father, whose indulgence she often abused, she was yet naturally affectionate and sweet-tempered. Brown was harsh and severe towards all but her; and there were moments when even she could trespass too far upon his feelings, and when the lightning of fierce and uncontrolled passion would flash with startling abruptness even over her beloved head. But as to Kate there was ever a careless joy about her that bent elastically to the storm, and she went on free and at ease in the unchecked liberty of her spirit.

"No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripped with foot so free;
She seemed as happy as the wave
That dances on the sea."

There was one other inmate of the farm house; a dog,—the last of his race;—some years older than Kate, whom in her infancy, he had once saved from a watery grave, and holding deservedly, ever since, the next place to her in the heart of his master. For years they had been the closest companions: Rover had his allotted place by the fire in winter, and in the porch when the weather was warm. He accompanied Brown to his summer labor in the fields, and in autumn when he went to the woods with his axe upon his shoulder to provide the winter fuel. An ungentle look or word bestowed on Rover had power to rouse all the bitterness of his master's spirit towards the offender.

In the summer of 18— Rover seemed to have suddenly acquired a propensity to conform his habits to his name; several times he was missing for a day or two at once, sorely to the discomfort of his fond master who became anxious and irritable upon the subject, and was finally induced to chain him; finding also that he was particularly apt to abscond when carried into the woods, he strictly forbore himself, and forbade his daughter, to take him thither on any occasion.

Kate loved the companionship of the dog, and once or twice ventured to unchain him when she was going to the village, for which a gentle chiding at first, and, after a repetition, a somewhat sterner admonition, made her a little repentant for the time, but with her constitutional thoughtfulness, she forgot the rebuke almost as soon as it was uttered; the starting tear was quickly chased by smiles, and she was quite as likely as ever to commit the same fault again; fully certain that however much her father's anger might be excited

against her, one clasp of her round arms about his neck, one kiss of her fresh lips upon his brown cheek would make all right again between them.

It was a habit of the old man when over fatigued with his day's labour, to retire early to his bed, sometimes in no very sweet humour until Kate stole in to say good night and take his blessing which she always did on her return from the village, where she often passed the evening among her young companions. This innocent and primitive custom among the children of the laboring class, is still preserved in many villages of this State, and a young girl, after her day's work, walks out and returns alone at night, as fearlessly as happily.

It was on one of these occasions that Kate now sallied forth by appointment to meet some of her friends in a maple grove where was to be held a little rural festival in honor of that great national jubilee, the *Fourth of July*. She sat out just as the moon was rising over the mountain, but had gone only a few steps when she thought of Rover—and although somewhat belated, she instantly turned back. Poor Rover, doomed to solitary confinement when she was to be so gay and happy! He would be such good company too. The way would not seem half so long.

She listened a moment under her father's window, and then, with an eager hand, unfastening the chain of the already excited and hopeful animal, away they bounded together across the fields and hills,

"Light of heart and light of limb;
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of their own exceeding pleasure.

It was with a more thoughtful step, and a less buoyant spirit, that Kate Brown returned that night to the farm house. She was alone. Rover had been missed during the evening, and though eagerly assisted by her companions in the search, poor Kate had been able to discover no trace of him.

The night was gloomy and Kate's heart was "as sad as night." The mountain, over which, two hours before, the moon had risen in queen-like beauty and serenity, was now enveloped in darkness; portentous clouds were gathering slowly in the east, and the moon was lost amid their folds, leaving the pathway scarcely discernible.

Kate paused again beneath her father's window:—to her surprise he was up, and she heard him walking about. She opened the door with a slight flutter at her heart and a forced smile upon her lip.

"Kate," said Brown, in his harshest tone, "where is Rover? I know you took him out with you."

"I did, Father, but when I came home he was missing, and"—the old man spoke not, but pulling his hat over his brows, went out quickly leaving the door open behind him.

"Father; a storm is coming up."

"Go to bed then." Was the stern reply—and he was gone.

Kate frightened and trembling, sat some time listening to his departing footsteps, and then not daring farther to disobey, went into her little bed room, flung aside her bonnet and shawl, and lay down but not to sleep.

In about an hour she heard him return, and, as he passed, she ventured to call,

"Father—dear Father, have you found him?"

"No, curse your carelessness;" and he passed on to his own room and she heard him bolt the door.

Kate now burst into tears. He had never before spoken so harshly to her: his anger had never lasted so long: she had never before gone to bed without a parental kiss and blessing.

She continued weeping violently for some minutes, and then, inspired with a sudden hope, she started up and went and flung herself on her knees at his door.

"Father," she said, in a cheerful voice, for she would not have him know she was weeping, "Father, may I come in and kiss you?"

The old man's heart yearned towards her;—he felt that he was softening,—and he aroused his resentment to keep down the struggling tenderness.

Again came that beloved voice.

"Father, will you give me your blessing?"

"Yes," was the quick and stern reply, "when you can bring back Rover to me;—not before. Go away."

Something like despair,—the first despair of a young and over indulged heart came across the bosom of the stricken child and a new, a fatal energy was born of it.

"Yes! I *will* go away," she said to herself, "and I will never come back till he is found."

She threw her little checked apron over her head, and stepped softly out into the night air.

The storm had gathered itself up and was about to burst in that awful sublimity which characterizes the summer tempest among mountain scenery. She looked up fearlessly as the lightning one moment laid bare the tops of the highest summits, and then, darting like a demon down their sides left all again to darkness, while the long, hollow voice of the thunder seemed calling it back into the depths of the clouds.

She looked up fearlessly, for an emotion partly of grief, partly perhaps, of resentment had possessed her bosom, and she hurried on towards the scene of her evening's amusement, by the same path she had taken before in company with Rover.

She paused repeatedly by the way listening in vain for the sound of his well known voice.

Just as she reached the grove, a more vivid flash, a deeper peal rent the air, and she had barely time to seek the shelter of the nearest tree, when the rain came in drenching torrents to the earth.

As the impetuosity of the shower abated, she heard a sound that made her heart leap within her. It was the bark of a dog!—Again!—It was Rover's bark! She screamed his name in a voice shriller than the tempest, and he was at her feet: She stooped to pat his head, and tenderly chide him.

The Heavens opened again! Another lightning flash, succeeded by another earth-shaking peal, came with its dread commission. The tree was scathed from summit to root, and the child lay prostrate a livid corpse beside it!

Meanwhile the fond relentings of the father's heart became too powerful for resistance. He sought the little white-curtained pallet where she had so often lain in her healthful and innocent slumbers: Where was she now? The half opened door gave an answer he shrank from,—but there was no other.

He pushed out:—he followed her footsteps. It was the father's eye that first beheld the desolated body of the child!

I have given the story with some embellishment, but with infinitely less pathos than it acquired in the simple narration of my new acquaintance. "I would rather," said he, after a pause of some minutes, "I would rather have been that stricken girl than the old man who was left to mourn for her. She was taken in the bloom of her youth, but he remained to carry about a living fire in his heart. The curse he had uttered, the kiss he had refused, were haunting him perpetually. He sent Rover away, and that he might see him no more had him conveyed into a distant state; but, that day twelve-month when Old Brown died of a broken heart, and was buried beside little Kate, in the garden, the poor animal found his way back, and the night after the funeral he sat till day dawned upon their graves moaning so piteously that those who heard him determined next day to put him out of his misery. How they had the heart I know not, but they shot him on his master's grave.

Some people say he haunts the place, and perhaps it is as well they should think so. It serves to keep up the memory of the event and may sometimes be a useful lesson both to parents and children.

W.

CHRISTMAS—A SKETCH.

"OH for the good old times ! the good old customs of our British forefathers !" exclaims Washington Irving, in his Sketch Book. "Christmas is not what it once was. We live in a degenerate age and among a degenerate people." True, sir, it may be so in some parts of our country, but in Carolina we still keep up the spirit, if not the forms and peculiar amusements of the old English Christmas. We do not hunt the fox, but we pursue a nobler game,—the deer, of which our forests are full. The inhabitants of the city break loose from their engagements and rush into the country. A week or two at least is devoted to innocent amusement. The sounds of mirth and festivity are heard in every neighborhood ; friends, who have been separated during the past year, pursuing their various avocations, meet again ; the old unbend from their rigidity, and mingle, without fear of invidious rebuke, in the sports of their younger days ; while the children and youths, released from the restraints of school and college, give full scope to their exuberant feelings in the varied recreations which befit the spring-time of life. It is the period of festivity and social pleasures ; the merry dance and the cheerful music crown the day and usher in the night ; the circle of friendship is extended ; more tender emotions are awakened, and foundations are laid, on these joyous occasions, for solid and enduring felicity. Christmas ! we love thee as the high festival of heaven ! We love thee as the type of the purest joys that were ever brought down from heaven to earth ! We love thee as the season of kind wishes, generous hospitality and unadulterated joys. We not only love thee but we enjoy thee. It is right that we should do so. We are not a stiff necked, austere people. We like the good old holiday customs of our forefathers, and we will transmit them unimpaired to our children, and our children's children.

"Merry Christmas, massa ! Merry Christmas, missis !" exclaimed a group of servants, who were issuing out of my friend's avenue, as I drove up to his plantation house in one of the neighbouring parishes. "How is little massa and little missis, and all de faamly ?"

"All quite well, Dick, and how do you do ?"

"So, so, massa. Neber bery well, but tank God for all his marcies, no worser dan usual !"

"But where are you and the rest of you going, Dick ?"

"Gwine Stono, massa, to spen Christmas, an see our countrymans. Some relations lib da, gwine see."

"I suppose you are to have a dance there, and a supper too, Dick ?"

"Spec so, massa. Hear how Isaac, what blongs to massa G——, is to be there wi' his fiddle. Spec how the young folks will get up a dance. As for supper, dont know, massa, how 'twill be. Shall hab someping, massa, someping, da say, for keep Christmas."

"No doubt, Dick, but I fear your master's stock has been placed under contribution lately to raise means for this entertainment."

"What you mean by dat, massa? Me no understan what you mean by conterbution."

"I mean, Dick—at least, I fear, that there has been some cow-lifting among you lately,—some sheepfold entered,—some poultry yard invaded, to furnish forth your Christmas cheer."

"O mass William! mass William! how can you say dat? Dick no tief. Dick honest nigger. Dick neber teal any ting 'tall what blongs to massa and missis. Can't tell what makes you tink such bad ting o' Dick."

"Well, Dick, I believe you are as honest as most negroes—perhaps a little more so. I am sorry that I have hurt your feelings, but I will make you amends. Here, take this change, Dick, and distribute it among you. It will supply you with the wherewithal to eke out your Christmas supper."

Upon this, the air resounded with exclamations and expressions of gratitude sent up from all quarters. "Tank you massa! God bless you, massa, for member poor nigger! Poor nigger neber forget mass William. The Lord bless you, and grant you may see many 'turns of this blessed day for his blessed marcy's sake! Massa an missis specking you, mass William. Done for glad for see you and missis. Good bye, mass William. Good bye, missis." And away they went, dressed in their holiday finery—a happy company, elated by their recent good fortune, and anticipating a large accession to their amount of enjoyment when they should reach their kindred and country folk. As I rode slowly up to my friend's house, I could not but reflect, that there is some truth, after all, in the old maxim, that "ignorance is bliss,"—that our desires are always limited by a knowledge of what we want. I shall pass over the meeting with my friends, and the exchange of inquiries, congratulations and good wishes. Suffice it to say that the family were glad to see us, and, I doubt not, had looked forward to this visit with much pleasure. The master of the house is a fine model of a plain country gentleman, who lives independently upon his own plantation, secure in the affections of his family, the esteem of his neighbours, and the fidelity of his dependants;—as for his person, he is full six feet in height, remarkably stout, of a fine open countenance, clear black eye, and a bold, broad forehead. He always dresses in blue, has a military commission, is of a cheerful disposition, warm heart, and polished and engaging manners. He could not, in fact, be otherwise than a gentleman, being constituted one by nature, and having always moved in the best circles. His hounds—I beg pardon for placing them second in order, and will atone for the fault by saying no more of them in this place. They are, doubtless, dear to him, but certainly not to be named in the same connection with his wife—the amiable partner of his heart's best affections. She is a fine woman, with a

fair complexion and bright black eyes, but short of stature, and in this respect forms a contrast to the Major, for that is the title of my worthy friend. Their children are as yet three in number, and dearer and sweeter little urchins I never saw. Beside the usual inmates of his family, there were also uncles and aunts, and cousins, and nieces, and nephews, convened in sufficient number on this occasion to make up a goodly company.

At eleven o'clock we all started for church.

The Major and his wife rode in their carriage—a costly, but heavily built, old-time vehicle, drawn by a pair of fine spanking greys, who coursed rapidly over the pine barren road as if insensible of the weight. The Major's sister-in-law, an interesting young lady of eighteen, and an aged aunt who had passed her seventieth year, and retained all the vivacity and brilliancy of her early days, occupied the back seat. I followed next in a barouche with my better half and two children. Then came a gig driven by a young gentleman and one of my friend's sisters; then a cavalcade of cousins and nephews, some of them on horses and others on mules, and a few favorite house dogs, who could not be driven back, brought up the rear. A half hour brought us to the church. This building has perhaps never been publicly noticed before. It is a small brick edifice, situated on rising ground; convenient, but plain in its appearance. Its main entrance is by a door upon the south, towards which it fronts; above projects a stoop, and you ascend by means of four plain stone steps. There are a few elms in front of the building which have a venerable aspect and afford a grateful shade in the summer. Towards the east is another door for the accommodation of servants. In the rear of the building is a grave yard, neatly enclosed. Weeping willows are growing in different parts of it and harmonize with the place. The inscriptions upon the tomb stones form a motley mixture of good taste and untutored affection. Some of them dictated by the spirit and sketched by the pen of genius, others brief, tame and uninteresting—a mere chronicle of the two or three events which happen to all men, the high and the low, the rich and the poor alike. To complete the picture, a fine branch of pure perennial water crosses the road at the foot of the declivity, and a thick forest of oak and hickory, almost impervious to the sun, and precluding entirely the view of its setting splendour, skirts the western outline. At this time it was full of carriages and of horses recently released from them, or from the burthen of their riders, and who were secured by their bridles or halters to the overhanging limbs.

"We shall have a crowded church to day," said the Major as he handed his lady from the carriage, "and we are I perceive, in good time." There was a response in the affirmative, and our whole party moved onwards towards the church door. Groups of gentlemen were standing about, who gave us as we passed smiles and nods of recognition, and I could hear on one side items of conversation, such as

“noble enterprize!”—“cut down by the house to a million”—“interference”—“stockholders,”—“French Broad,”—“great speech!” and from another quarter—“tremendous pressure,”—“Mobile enterprize,”—“New York,”—“advices from Liverpool,”—“better store it” &c. &c.

The church which we now entered, was hung with various christmas decorations and was literally clothed with verdure. The entrance of each aisle, the altar and the pulpit, were spanned by fine arches composed of cedar, laurel, myrtle, balm of gilead, arbor vitæ and the perpetual rose, tastefully arranged. The orchestra was hung with festoons of evergreens, and flowers gracefully intertwined, and the body of the church presented the picture of a living forest.

There is something peculiarly beautiful and appropriate in this custom which prevails among us, of embellishing our churches with such ornaments as the season, in this land of Flora produces to cheer the heart and gladden the eye on these occasions. Such offerings prepared by the hand of Taste bespeak the gratitude of the Christian, and cannot be unacceptable in the eyes of the Deity. Religion addresses itself to the soul more irresistibly through the senses and imagination, than the higher intellectual powers of our nature, and it is for this reason—that painting, sculpture, music, poetry and eloquence have, in all ages, been successfully resorted to for the purpose of awakening religious feeling and producing a devotional frame of mind. The puritan, who scoffs at forms and festal observances, may be content to worship God in a plain and clumsy edifice, where nothing appears to the sense calculated to awaken sensibility, but all history proves, that the mass of mankind are moved by different considerations;—that feeling, sentiment and imagination are busily at work in a thousand hearts which are utter strangers to the elaborate deductions of reason and the soaring aspirations of philosophy;—that, in the concerns of religion, mind is mysteriously connected with matter,—the internal with the external man; and that a becoming degree of pomp, ceremony and solemn observance, in conducting worship, is no less the dictate of common sense and a just knowledge of the human heart, than an indication of the civilization and intellectual culture of the age. In the grandeur and embellishment of our temples, we have not yet displayed the ambition of the older countries, but there are many edifices among us built in a style of costly magnificence, and wanting none of the incentives to a lively devotion. There is nothing heathenish or idolatrous, surely, in lavishing expense and beauty upon the structures we erect to the Deity,—a practice, which, under the theocracy of a former age, received the divine countenance. By such means religion loses none of its dignity; and sincerity is divested of none of its charms. My mind was occupied by such reflections until the service commenced; but now the solemn words, “The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him,” caused me to look up. The preacher was

a short, spare man, of a pale, and almost unearthly countenance, with a slight impediment in his utterance, but not so much of one as to prevent a perfectly intelligible enunciation. Time had planted a few furrows upon his brow and cheeks; and his head was slightly sprinkled with grey. This was evident however only to a close inspection, and he could not be more than thirty-five years of age. I have heard the beautiful church of England service read with more pathos, but never with more energy or with a more apparently devotional spirit. I say *read*, but the preacher, on this occasion, seldom cast his eyes upon the book before him. They were for the most part directed upwards; his soul seemed to be drawing inspiration from the skies, while it held a devout converse with the great Being who presides above them. The clerk performed his duty, but the responses were sent up in audible tones from all quarters, as if the concerns of the world were at length forgotten, and the whole congregation were disposed, as they always should be, to unite in the expression of common sentiments. The hymn commencing with the words,

“Let all the earth with one consent, &c.”

was now sung, and as the pealing music, aided by the rich and solemn tones of the organ, burst upon the ears of the ravished listeners, the young and the old, the rich and the poor, seemed to catch the contagion of a common gratitude; the distinctions of rank to be merged in generous and fraternal feelings, and the participators of common and distinguished favors, to realize that there are ties of endearment which connect them with their race and the Author of all good. The preacher had selected for his text the concluding part of the hymn of the angels who announced the birth of our Saviour to the shepherds: “Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good will towards men!”

“Christianity,” he said, “is a religion adapted to the progressive nature of man. We do not yet fully understand it, any more than we perfectly understand our own natures. We have not yet come fully up to that idea of the True, the Beautiful, the Holy, the Infinite and the Eternal which Christianity shadows forth. Still we are in advance of our predecessors in this respect. Eighteen centuries of inquiry and research have not passed away without elevating the eye of Faith, and extending the boundaries of christian charity and knowledge. At the present moment,—even while I speak, Truth is progressing with a manly and a vigorous step, and the dawn of a brighter day, than ever yet shone upon the world, begins to checker the East. Old institutions which have served their time, and which are worn out in the service, are giving up the ghost, and important truths which have long been struggling for utterance, are beginning to exert a powerful influence upon the thoughts, the feelings and the conduct

of our race. There is at present more of an approximation towards common standards in opinion and action, than the world has before known. Men consult more together; there are fewer differences about important points; their passions are less excited by trifles; they perceive the folly and the dangers of disunion; they concentrate their powers more in the prosecution of great enterprizes; they accomplish more than they have hitherto done, in the same time, with the same means, and under the influence of the same motives; the age is, therefore, upon the whole, an improving one; its features brighten, and glow under the influence of stronger and purer lights; men communicate their thoughts more freely; warmer affections unite them; they stretch out their hands more promptly, and return the grasp of their brethren with a firmer and more welcome pressure. It is good to live in so enlightened and blessed an age, when every thing tends to promote "peace on earth, and good will towards men." It is good to behold the social nature of man unfolding more and more, and assuming so many bright and beautiful forms; it is good to be co-workers in this high and holy cause of heaven-born philanthropy; to reconcile hearts that are estranged, and to cause brethren of the same noble lineage to think, feel, and act together on the broad ground of their common wants, hopes and interests; where they may see, eye to eye, the bright prospect that lies open before them, and heart may respond to heart with a generous sympathy. Let us engage, my brethren, in the noble undertaking with firmer resolutions, and prosecute it with increased zeal; let this anniversary, whose return we hail with gratitude, be an era in our moral progress; let us hereafter look back to it as a starting point in the great race of christian excellence—the period from which we are to date the birth of stronger courage, brighter hopes, and steadier efforts."

"Man, my brethren, seems to have forgotten, that christianity is a religion adapted to the whole of his nature—that matter and mind, reason and appetite, the short-lived and the eternal, are mysteriously bound up in his frame work. He knows that christianity has claims upon him, but he thinks that these claims have reference only to the soul,—to the spiritual part of his nature. He is apt to undervalue the frail body—nay more, to look upon it as his enemy. This, my brethren, is an error. The bodies of men are sacred. They are to be treated with respect. They are the temples of the Holy Spirit, and we should present them, according to the sacred precept, to the Father of our Spirits, "a living sacrifice, acceptable and pure." The warfare which has subsisted between them, and which has produced nothing but sin and misery, must cease. Let us be content with humanity such as it is, with this wonderful union of the Spiritual and the Material which God has ordained. In his infinite wisdom he has placed them together in this world. Let us not attempt to fight against his decrees; our vision is narrow. We cannot penetrate

deeply into the designs of Providence, any more than we can doubt, that they always have in view the ultimate good of our race. The great work that devolves upon us is, to reconcile the contending principles of our nature, and make all its parts and properties duly harmonize with each other. It is for this reason that God manifested himself in the flesh—that the infinite, of whom we are an image, took up his residence in a frail body, thus figuring forth to us more sensibly the nature of the glorious relation which we sustain towards him. It was to reconcile these jarring elements of mind and matter, body and spirit, the finite and the infinite, earth and heaven, time and eternity, that the Author and Finisher of our faith made his appearance in the flesh; that he taught and suffered, lived and died, thus working out the great atonement. In mercy he proclaimed the law which was to secure the happiness of mankind. In mercy he led the way, showing the path we were to follow.”

I have given the substance, though not the language of the discourse. An attentive audience hung upon the words of the speaker with an intensity of interest which I have seldom witnessed. The picture which he had drawn of the nature and objects of the christian faith, and of man's duty, was bold and novel, and well calculated to awaken serious reflections. After a short and impressive prayer, the assembly was dismissed, and then followed that exchange of mutual civilities which is common on these occasions. I was accosted by Dr. M——, an old acquaintance, who, after making the usual inquiries, wished to know how I had been edified by their worship.

“Very much,” I assured him. “Such views of society and of the progress of our religion are highly encouraging. I fear, however, the picture is a little too flattering. The present is an age in which the passion for gain seems to swallow up almost every other.”

“Too grasping a temper! Doubtless it is the evil of the times. We see too much of it every where, particularly in our own country, where the facilities for rapidly acquiring a fortune, present such temptations to the rising generation. The social nature of man is however unfolding. The preacher was right there. It is an age of associations. Combined action in the promotion of great objects is the order of the day. We shall see important consequences resulting from these concentrated energies of the intelligent and enterprising. Society will, in the progress of time, be remodelled upon a new and more generous plan.”

“I doubt it not, sir. Important causes are in operation, and the agents in the work of human improvement are animated by a worthy zeal. I confess I was struck with some of the remarks of your excellent Rector. He possesses the right spirit, and I trust he may prove a true prophet. His views, however, are not wholly new, with him they may be original, but the world has heard of them before. He is a Brownsonian.”

"A what?"

"A Brownsonian, my dear sir. He belongs to the new sect, entitled 'the Friends of Christian Progress and Union.'"

"A good name, but I never heard of that sect before."

"I presume not, Dr. It has lately sprung into existence. Its leader has just put forth a book, explanatory of his views, which is a very remarkable production.

"Ah! and what do they believe?"

"Just what your preacher has been insisting on in his discourse. I see no material difference in their opinions, except that the author of the book is a little more of a philosopher, and has dipped more deeply into French metaphysics. Your rector is certainly a disciple of this new school."

"It is a very good school, sir, be it new or old. There can be no objection to 'christian progress and union.' I only wish we could see more of both than we do. The professors of a common faith are too much estranged from each other."

"I know it, and lament it, and most heartily respond to the wish you have just expressed."

In a few moments the whole congregation were dispersed and were making the best of their way to their respective homes, some, I trust, reflecting upon the good lessons and counsel to which they had been listening, and others, thinking of the appointments which they had made, and of the holiday pleasures in prospect.

Christmas, falling on Sunday this year, was devoted solely to religious rites. The following day, therefore, was *par eminence* the holiday of the season—the period set aside for generous hospitality and social pleasures. It was a time of considerable expectation. A deer hunt—the favorite amusements of planters, was, of course, in prospect. Several gentlemen of the neighbourhood were invited to come to an early breakfast and join the party. It was a night of vigils; the slumbers of most of us were, more or less, disturbed by intruding thoughts of the past and the present; dreams of mingled pleasure and distress, of wild pursuit, "hair breadth 'scapes," and ultimate victory, made up the checkered visions of the younger members of our party. I heard one of them, awakening, as if in fright, distinctly exclaim, "thank God! it was only a dream;" and another utter in a plaintive tone, "surely the dear girl cannot refuse me!"

"The sigh that rends thy gentle heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too!"

but what amused one more than any thing else was an exclamation from a young collegian, whom I could hear breathing very heavily, as if greatly troubled in his sleep, and who cried out in the words of King Richard in a loud tone,

"Give me another horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

He seemed to imagine that he was upon the chase, and by some acci-

dent or other, had lost his horse. The restlessness of the young visitors might be attributable in part also to another cause—the narrowness of their lodgings. To borrow an image from the hold of a ship, they were stowed in rather close quarters. Three in a bed was the limit, after which they were not to be disturbed, like George Sykes in the popular anecdote, who was similarly situated, by any further intruders. Convenient as the dimensions of the beds were, three occupants were considered enough, and to this necessity the lodgers would not have been compelled on any other occasion, but, as the hostess smilingly observed, “these are Christmas times,” young gentlemen, and you must do the best that you can under the circumstances.”

“No apology is necessary;” was the reply, as they retired. We go only to look for to-morrow, and if we do not sleep, we shall find the day sooner.”

“O no, sleep if you can. The night seems long to those who wait for the day. Sleep, and may your dreams be pleasant.”

As I tumbled restlessly upon my couch, I could not but feel sensibly, too sensibly, the force of the kind hostess’s remark, the night seems long to those who wait for the day.”

Early in the morning the household were in motion—a circumstance which, according to the old maxim, would have betokened domestic thrift, but which may be otherwise accounted for, on this interesting occasion. The family were soon assembled—a joyous company, and after the morning devotions, in which the Major led were duly and devoutly performed, we made a circle around the domestic fire, waiting the arrival of the friends who were to breakfast with us.

“You hunt to day?” said the Major, turning to me.

“Hunt! my dear sir. I am surprized at your question. Why the chase is my delight. There is excitement in it, sir. I was born, you know, in the country, and have spent the choicest hours of my life in the saddle in pursuit of the noble game. Hunt! why I have thought of little else all night. I have scarcely closed my eyes, during its watches, for thinking of this day’s sport.”

“Is it possible? Well, you are a man after my own heart. I feared your long residence in the city would have destroyed your passion for rural sports, for with you, I know, in former times, hunting amounted almost to a passion. As a sportsman you always went “the whole.”

“Hunting, sir, is an amusement that befits a Southerner and a gentleman. I shall never relinquish it while I can ride a horse, wear a spur, or use a gun. The most pleasing associations of my early years are connected with the chase in these forests. I was famed for having the finest horses and the best pack of hounds in the parish, and I believe you know that I am a pretty good shot.”

"That I can testify. In times of yore I have seen enough of your skill as a marksman, and I doubt not that you are staunch yet. We shall put you to the test to day. The morning is hazy, but I think we shall have, notwithstanding, fine sport."

"We certainly shall, if your hunting grounds are what they used to be."

"Better, sir, better than ever. The more deer we destroy, the more there seem to be of them. It was only the day before yesterday that I brought down a fine buck not a hundred yards from the corner of the fence you see yonder. We shall have sport, sir—doubt it not. But what shall we do, in the meantime, with the ladies? I was thinking how we should entertain them."

"Don't be uneasy about them. Ladies always have resources within themselves to make their time pass pleasantly. Is it not so, Miss Eugenia? you will not lack entertainment, will you?"

"We should be better pleased with your presence than your absence gentlemen, certainly we should; but as we cannot have you with us, we will spend the time in anticipating the pleasure of your return; we shall expect you to come home laden with spoils. In this particular you must not disappoint us. We will in the meantime talk over the winter fashions; we will draw out a plan of parties for the holidays"—

"And discuss the merits of the principal beaux, and contrive cunning plans to bring true and loving hearts together, eh! Miss Eugenia? To think of the matches that will be made this Christmas! The social nature, as the Dr. told me yesterday, is unfolding, and we shall see the banner ere long fully spread, and borne in by Hymen in triumph. Hang not thy head, young lady, nor blush so temptingly. Old hearts are sometimes moved to indiscretion. Beware! Besides, there is young C——, and Capt. R——, and Mr. H——, all fine young fellows, who never hunt, and who will only be too happy to pay their devoirs to our friends here. I think you invited them, Major, and I know they are almost dying to be introduced. And here is your aunt M——, who can be dull where she is? Who can make or enjoy a jest more or better than she?"

"Thank you, thank you for the compliment, sir. I owe you one. I can amuse children, if that is all that is wanted. I can teach them to

"Turn about and wheel about and do jist so,
And ebery time I turn about to jump Jim Crow,"

and suiting the action to the word, the old lady gave us a specimen of agility wonderful at her age, continuing, as she danced, to sing to the words of the comic song,

"My old Misses, tree days ago
Fell in de water and neber catch a cold."

"There, gentlemen," she exclaimed, that is the extent of my art."

"You rate your powers too humbly, madam. Fond as you are of children, we know well enough that you can minister to the pleasures of every age. We have not forgotten your revolutionary anecdotes. Surely you have not exhausted your store of incidents connected with those interesting times.

"Interesting, you may well say, sir. They were times that 'tried the souls of men,' and women too. Ah! sir, the events of those times are as fresh in my memory, as if they were of yesterday."

"I hope you will entertain us with some of those old time tales," exclaimed Eugenia.

"It might be more interesting to the girls, aunt, if you would give an account of the last masquerade you attended in the city. I shall never forget your humorous detail of the events of that occasion."

"Some pleasant things happened that evening, my dear fellow. We will see. Don't trouble yourselves about us. We will take care of ourselves, and do you take care that you don't shoot each other, instead of the buck."

At this moment the sound of "the mellow horn" was heard, and a small cavalcade of gentlemen, in their hunting dresses, were seen advancing up the avenue. The deep baying of the Major's hounds, who, doubtless, had a presentiment of the keen sport before them, now rose euphoniously in concert, producing that rich music so delightful to the ears of the practised sportsman. The salutations of the morning being over, we were all of us soon seated at the breakfast table, at which the Major's lady presided, with the dignity and grace so peculiar to a well bred Southern matron. I shall not dwell upon the good things that were placed before us, but will only say, that the table was generously spread in a manner suited to the occasion, and whatever may be said of the "good old times," the viands before us were far more tempting to the appetite than the "tea and bread, and butter" which constituted the meagre English breakfast in the time of Addison, and which was uniformly served up with his Spectator, the latter, I suppose by way of a relish. They may indulge their taste with more liberal things at their festivals, but can scarcely exceed, in zest and variety, the noble bill of fare of a planter's breakfast in "Christmas times."

"How is Ringwood, Major?" said Mr. H——, addressing my friend, as he sat sipping his coffee. "Hope he is prime."

Am sorry to say, sir, that Ringwood cannot be with us to day. He got a thorn in his foot the last time I went out to hunt, and is, at present, quite lame."

"Poor fellow! Am sorry for it. A finer hound never trailed a deer. We shall miss him much to day, I fear."

"Somewhat, I apprehend. We have, however, a pretty full pack without him. There is Music, and Jupiter, and Venus, and Cupid, and Sol, and Luna, and Stella, and half a dozen other gods and goddesses, and stars of the first magnitude. We shall do very well with-

out Ringwood. I have never been willing to confess it before, but I *will* say, for once, that I think Sol—the Colonel's Sol—nearly a match for Ringwood."

"What is that you say?" inquired the gentleman in question, sitting near the head of the table. "I think you named Sol."

"Yes, Colonel, I was remarking that he was a dog of fine properties, and that he would very well supply the place of Ringwood, who is confined at home to-day by a game foot."

"Your expectation, then, sir, I am sorry to say, will be disappointed. Sol is not here. Have you not heard about him?"

"No. I thought he was with the pack. What about him?"

"Yesterday will be just a fortnight, sir, since Sol was removed from the stage."

"You surprise me. Is Sol dead?"

"Dead, dead, sir. He will never be put upon the scent again. He has paid the debt of nature."

"Why, how happened it?" What was the matter with him?"

"Can't say. He was ailing three days. The first I knew of it, Sam comes to me and says, 'Master, Sol's sick.' I ordered the dog to be brought to me, and sure enough it was as the fellow told me. The poor creature came whining up to me and crouching down, with his tail under his hind legs, looked languidly up into my face, as much as to say, 'my time is come, I can serve you no more!' I tried various remedies upon him, but in vain. At length I called Sam, told him to saddle Charlie, and go for Dr. W.——"

"Ha! ha! so you called in the physician."

"To be sure I did. What else could I do? The Doctor came, laughed heartily when I told him what sort of a patient he had, and ordered the dog to be brought in."

"Indeed! and how did he proceed in the case?"

"Proceed! Why in the ordinary way. He took up his right paw, and felt of his pulse. After feeling it some time, he shook his head, and says he, 'Colonel, this is a bad case. Sol, I think, will die; but I do not wish you to despair of him altogether. 'While there is life,' you know the rest. I will do what I can for him, though I fear he is past my skill. He accordingly prescribed for the poor creature, and called twice afterwards to see him. But it was all in vain. Neither physic nor physician could save him. 'It was written,' as the Turk says, 'that he should die.'"

"Do you expect that the Doctor will bring in a bill for his attendance on him?"

"Certainly. You would not have him ride five miles three days in succession for nothing. No, I expect to pay him his customary fees, and shall do it cheerfully. My heart, I must say, was measurably bound up in that dog; and I felt his loss as the loss of one of my own family. I would rather have paid five times the doctor's bill than have lost him."

"I do not doubt it. Sol was undoubtedly a fine hound—a very fine hound—such a one as we shall seldom 'look upon his like again.' We shall miss him much to day, Colonel. But you have still some capital dogs of the true blood left. Luna, and Stella, and Vesta, are, I take it, first rate dogs. I wish they belonged to me."

"Good dogs, Major, good dogs, but nothing to compare to Sol. Sol was the sun in their firmament, and all the rest shone with borrowed light."

"Deprived of the king of day, I fear," said the young collegian, "that these lesser luminaries will help us but little."

"Scholarly argued, young gentleman," responded the Major. "It may be clearly enough proved, I suppose, but Vesta, and Stella, and Luna are, notwithstanding, fine hounds, and will perform their duty in a very creditable manner. They may not attain to the brilliancy of Sol, but they will not be far behind him."

"We shall have to depend on Music and Jupiter, Major."

"Music is a dog of excellent spirit, Colonel,—is in her prime too, and may be depended upon. Jupiter is getting old, and occasionally falters in the chase."

"What would the ancients have thought," interposed the student, "could they have foreseen that their Father of gods and men would have been degraded to the footing of a hound!"

"No degradation, Sir. Their gods would be honored by the comparison. I consider my hounds superior to any of the heathen Deities, though some of them are called after them. A hound employs his instincts to some purpose, which is more than you can say of the gods of antiquity, much as Homer and Virgil have applauded them. A hound reasons too, in spite of the metaphysicians who say he has no soul. He comes, for example, to a place where three roads meet, and is at a loss to know which of them his master has taken. After trying two of them without finding him, he comes back to the place from which he started and reasons thus. "My master has taken one of these three roads; he has taken neither of those two: therefore, he has taken the third." There is a syllogism for you."

"Scent! Major," exclaimed the student, "only scent,—not intellect, not reason. The dog only followed his nose."

"Then reason is scent, and nothing more."

"There is a difference, Sir, and you have only supposed a case. I doubt whether such a case ever occurred, though Plato has supposed such a one as you have stated."

"I know nothing about Plato, Sir, but if this was not reason in the dog,—if it was scent, as you say, why didn't the dog take the right road first? Evident enough, Sir, that he arrived at his conclusion by a process of reasoning."

"I beg your pardon; Sir, but perhaps Music *did* take the right road first. By your own account, you were absent and did not see which way the dog went. I repeat, Sir, that you have supposed a case which never did and never could exist."

"I shall not give up the point, young gentleman. There's my house-dog, Tyger. If I tell Tyger to go and get my hat, he will do it. If I say "Tyger, I have lost my watch—go find my watch," the dog will go and search till he has found it, and then bring it. Is that scent, sir? Does the dog scent the name *hat*, *watch*? or does he learn the names of things, and learn how to do things as other people do? It is reason, sir, nothing less than reason."

"The dog, I grant you, Major, doesn't scent the words *hat*, *watch*, any more than he scents his own name. You have taught the dog to do these things by a peculiar mode of training—things which he would never have done of his own accord. You have scolded and whipped him into doing them; and then you call the result of your own brute force *reason*. It is instinct, sir,—instinct that you have trained with great labor, until it is made to wear the livery of a higher faculty."

And I maintain, sir, that it is reason—pure reason. Are not stupid boys made to learn their lessons in the same way—by dint of beating and scolding? A dog learns his name by hearing it often repeated. In the same way children learn their alphabet. The master pronounces the letters and the child repeats them, till their sound is perfectly familiar to the child. I care not for metaphysical distinctions. I look at results. The child is taught, trained, educated; so is the dog, the horse, the elephant. You say that in one case, the instrument of this training is reason; in the other, that it is instinct. I care not. The results are the same. *They both learn*. There is evidence of intelligence in both cases. You may call it what you please."

"But the dog cannot speak, while the child can, and there is the difference. Words are the signs of thoughts. Where there are none of these signs—these external symbols, what evidence have we of the existence of thought, of intellect? There is no common medium of communication between man and the brute."

"You mistake sir. There may be thought without the power of speech, as in the case of those born deaf and dumb, who make sight and touch supply the place of the other senses. In brutes, who cannot talk, hearing and sight answer this purpose. The dog has the same signs of thought, as far as his intercourse with man is concerned, that man has. He gets an idea of a *watch* and a *hat* by often seeing them, and hearing the names *watch* and *hat* applied to them. He gets an idea of his own name, by often hearing the sound of it repeated. The sound of his name is the sign or type of the idea which his name represents. You will admit, that the dog *understands* his own name and will come when he is called?"

"Certainly."

"Then you admit all that I contend for, viz: that the dog has an *understanding*."

"Gentlemen!" said Col. M——, "we cannot expect to settle this question. It has puzzled wise heads before now, and it yet remains a vexed question. Such being the case, we are wasting time. The day is spending. If we have breakfasted, let us to horse!"

"Agreed!" exclaimed several voices,—*"to horse! to horse!"*

In a few moments every gentleman was in his saddle; the hounds uttered a deep and full chorus as the "hunter's horn" again sounded its clear and shrill notes. Little did they think that they had just been made the subject of a discussion, in which it was attempted so, greatly to elevate the whole canine race. A number of servants who were to lead in the chase, brought up the rear.

I shall not attempt to describe the progress of this day's sport. Suffice it to say, that unusual success crowned our efforts. The whole party returned to dine at an early hour, in the finest spirits. Mirth and hilarity crowned the festive board. The evening was spent in the company of the ladies, who, having acquired considerable accessions to their number, were able to furnish forth partners for a merry dance. Youth, beauty, fashion and vivacity added attraction to the scene. To crown the whole, a generous bowl of materials, too well known to be more particularly enumerated, and in the mixture of which it was not thought necessary to employ any mystic rites, was duly prepared, after participating in which, the inmates of the mansion retired to the enjoyment of slumbers, rendered sweet by dreams of the morrow, and the pleasures it was expected to bring in its train.

I have thus, Mr. Editor, given you a hasty sketch of some of the pleasant events that transpired at my friend's the Major's, at the opening of the Christmas holidays. Should what I have written prove acceptable to your readers, I may hereafter send you some of the facetious old lady's aunt M——'s, revolutionary tales, and her account of the masquerade, with which she entertained the young ladies, while the gentlemen went on their hunting excursions, and at other times during my visit. If they do not instruct much, they may serve to amuse, and I have seen so much of painful adversity,—so much of "the dark side of the cloud" in the course of a long and checkered life, that I have come to the conclusion, that he who can, by any means, diffuse cheerfulness, and light up a smile on the face that is often wet with tears, is conferring a private, if not a public benefit. Do not infer, however, that I am a man of morose and gloomy temperament. Misfortunes have sobered, not saddened me. Something of the vivacity of my youth still remains, and leads me to hope, that my declining years may be at least serene if not happy.

I wish you, Mr. Editor, a happy new year, and remain, your
humble servant.

A CITIZEN.

[The following article contains a new theory of the Tides. We place it before our readers without comment. They must judge of its value for themselves. It is from the pen of a gentleman, whose opinions are entitled to consideration.—Ed.]

OBSERVATIONS ON THE THEORY OF TIDES.

Mr. Editor.—I request the attention of your readers to the arguments used in teaching this branch of Natural Philosophy. Some correspondent, better acquainted with the subject, may be able to satisfy my doubts, adducing stronger illustrations, and more unquestionable evidence, of the doctrines usually taught in our Colleges and Universities.

St. Pierre's ingenious suggestion, that the alternate contraction and expansion of the ocean, while circulating between the Torrid Zone and the Polar Regions, expanded by heat in passing through the first, and reduced in bulk by cold in its return to the last, is insufficient to account for such great effects, even if such currents existed; but in fact they do not exist.

The immense internal cavities of the earth, supposed by another writer, to ingulph the ebbing tides and regurgitate the watery floods, cannot account for the phenomena. Although such caverns exist, they certainly have no inherent power to draw in the waters and then expel them; and no means by which this may be effected are suggested by the author. The *Vis Inertiæ* of matter would prevent the water from returning, after it had filled the caverns,—a very great power would then be necessary to drive it out, and cause a flood tide in the ocean.

The pendulum motion or periodical vibration of the great deep as suggested by a third writer, although very possible when set in motion by him, "who moulded in his palm the world, and hung it in the sky," and although much less wonderful than the revolutions of the planets, cannot account for spring and neap tides, nor for the absence of tides in inland seas. Supposing the teachers of this branch of education to have learned, as we all learned, it is right that they should teach the doctrine universally adopted, even by the arguments generally used. If I succeed in showing that some of these are weak arguments, and others unfounded, may not our teachers, by study, find new and more substantial proofs of their favorite Newtonian theory? May not genius become interested in the research, if it can be shown that there is still something to be learned, some discovery still to be made, in this branch of science?

The daily increase of the tides, occurring at the same periods, with the lunar day, tends very strongly to impress on the mind, a persuasion that the tides are raised by the attraction of the moon in the daily revolution of the earth.

The cotemporaneous return of spring tides, with the two most remarkable phases of the moon, would at first sight also, be deemed proof of such elevation, having been caused by the moon, as now

believed. If spring tides occurred only once in a month, with either the new or full moon, the conclusion would be so strong, that no person could be found to hazard a doubt of one being the cause, the other the effect. But we find that these elevations of the tides, are not at lunar periods, but semi-lunar: that two high tides occur daily, and two series of spring tides monthly. It appears to me, that if the moon caused the rise of the tides by attraction, there should be but one high tide in twenty-four hours, and that should occur a short time after the moon had passed the meridian. If not the only one in twenty-four hours, at least each alternat tide should be higher on account of the moon's attraction, and the other lower for the want of it. But they are both alike in elevation, except when influenced by winds. Centrifugal force, supposed to aid in this equal elevation, is in my opinion, not sufficient to account for it. This force should aid the tide nearest the moon just as much, as the tide most distant from it: and if the moon cause the elevation of the tides in any degree by attraction, that increase must be further increased by its centrifugal tendency, so as still to preserve a marked difference between the two. This tendency must be equal in the same parallels of latitude throughout the earth's circumference; at the point nearest the moon as well as that most distant from it. Let us take the latitude of Charleston, say $32^{\circ} 40'$, and we find the Islands of Bermuda and Madeira nearly on the same parallel. If the centrifugal tendency have any influence on the tides, then we shall find their elevation the same at these three points, but it is very different, being eight feet here, five feet at Bermuda and seven feet at Madeira. Mr. Ferguson's ingenious endeavor to explain this, by the loose band tacked to a wheel, does not remove the difficulty. The band would certainly fly off from the wheel, when rapidly turned, at the points not tacked, but to apply this example to the ocean, we must suppose it to be confined on the Eastern and Western shores, as of the Atlantic, and the middle of the ocean being not confined, would be fully subject to centrifugal influence, the tides should rise much higher there, than on the shores. But the reverse of this is true, as we have just seen; the islands in the middle of the Atlantic have less elevation of tides than on its shores; and in the Pacific there is scarcely any elevation of tide comparatively.

Again as to spring tides, if they occurred solely at new moon, it might be said that the sun and moon are then in conjunction, the moon likewise being in that part of its orbit nearest to the earth. Their joint attraction raised the waters on the earth to this extraordinary height. But the tides at full moon are just as high as at new moon, under circumstances the reverse in every respect.

If attraction be the real cause of this elevation, and the attraction of the sun is in proportion to the moon, as two to nine, then should the influence of the sun be more perceptible, and unquestionable than it is. If at full moon the spring tides rise eight feet, it surely

should rise at new moon, at least, to the height of nine feet eight inches.

But, I submit, with much deference, that the difference ought really to be at new moon much greater than this, and that the elevation should then be even eleven feet four inches. For the influence of the sun being equal to one foot eight, opposed to that of the moon when full; withdraw that one foot eight from opposition, and double it when in conjunction at new moon, and the elevation in the latter case, should be eleven feet four, while in the former, eight feet as usual.

The spring tides at new moon should, therefore, be three feet four inches higher than those at full moon.

If this difference existed, it is a difference too great to be unnoticed—It would establish the theory, conclusively. As it is not noticed, or any difference stated, I conclude that the want of it is equally conclusive against that theory. As in Charleston, the difference between the spring tides at new and full moon, should be so great as three feet four inches, if dependent on attraction, how much more evident and conclusive would it be in Bristol, where the ordinary rise is at least thirty feet, and the proportionate difference of the spring tide, at new moon, should be greater than that at full moon, at least thirteen feet. Is it possible that such a difference, or any part of it, could be overlooked by the advocates of this theory, or that they could omit to state the difference, if any existed? In Charleston, no difference, whatever, is perceptible, and, I believe, no where else, or that difference would have been minutely stated and adduced in evidence by writers on this subject. I appeal to Dr. Bowditch, and believe that no higher authority can be adduced, that along the whole coast of America the tides are not higher at new moon than at the full: that it is high water when the moon is in the horizon, at these two periods, and consequently low water one hour after it has passed the meridian, and that in all the places situated like Charleston as to the ocean, the tides although differing in height are very similar in time. All this may be ascertained by reference to the tide table in his and in Blunt's Coast Pilot*. In England, except at the S. West corner, the tides are very irregular in time. Before they can enter the ports of Great Britain, they must pass along the British or Irish channels, or the German ocean.

**Extracts from the Tide Tables of Blunt and Bowditch.*

HIGH WATER AT FULL AND NEW MOON.

Cape Florida, 8h. 50m.; St. Augustine, 7 30; St. Marys bar, 7 30; Tybee, 7 45; Port Royal, 8 15; Charleston, 7 15; Cape Roman, 8; Cape Fear, 8; Hillsboro Inlet, 7 30; Cape Henry, 7 40; Cape Henlopen, 8 45; Sandy Hook, 7 37; New-York, 8 54; New-London, 7 24; New-Bedford, 7 37; Martha's Vineyard, 7 37; Nantucket, 10 30;—In all this part of the Coast the usual rise of the Tides is about 6 feet. Nantucket, 10h, 30m.; Cape Cod, 11 30; Boston, 11 30, rise 11 feet; Salem, 11 30, rise 11. Cape Ann, 11 30, rise 11; Portsmouth, 11 15, rise 10; Portland, 10 45, rise 9; Fox Island, 10 45; Penobscot, 9 15, rise 10.

Farrar, Ferguson, Ewing, Cavallo, Keith, and I believe all the books used in schools, assert, that some difference, should exist, and does exist. I admit, that in order to support the theory, it should exist, but appeal to every resident of Charleston, that there is no difference between the spring tides at new and at full moon. We are admirably situated for correct observations of the tides, the ocean being within a few miles of us, and the entrance of the harbor perfectly open to the ingress of the flood.

Writers on this subject assert, that the greatest height of the tides is about from one to three hours after the moon has passed the meridian. But it is not so—when the sun and moon are together at noon, and their combined influence should have raised the tides very considerably, we find them at a low state of ebb, and they do not reach their greatest elevation, until seven hours after meridian; again at full moon—we all know that the tide is at its greatest elevation, just as the full orb of the moon is rising above the horizon, and the greatest depression of the tides, when the moon has reached the meridian. Has the moon the power in this case, first to force the tides forward and then to force them back? has it the power to attract and repel? Can it possess two opposite, antagonising powers? If either power be possessed by it, when the full moon advances from the east, the high tide should be retarded on our shores, and continued high, until she had passed the meridian, the tide then receding eastwardly as the moon advances towards the west.* Ryan of New York,

Machias, 11, rise 12; Passamaquaddy, 11 30, rise 25; Windsor, 11 30, rise 60; Cumberland, 10 30, rise 71; Anapolis, 11, rise 30; St. Johns, 12, rise 25; Sable Island, North side, 10 30; do. South side, 8 30; Halifax, 7 30.

From this it appears, that between Nantucket and Cape Sable there must be some influence over the Tides, probably additional to that which affects them South of Nantucket, and North of Cape Sable. So also at the mouth of the river St. Lawrence—the Tides being at least double in vertical elevation, and much later in acquiring their greatest height than on the rest of the coast. The influence of the Moon cannot be greater on one side of Sable Island than on the other; nor greater at Nantucket, than at Martha's Vineyard.

*“The Rev. Wm. Ellis in his *Polynesian Researches*, p. 37 New-York edition, informs us that, among the natural phenomena of the South Sea Islands, the tide is one of the most singular, and presents as great an exception to the theory of Sir Isaac Newton as is to be met with in any part of the world. The rising and falling of the waters of the ocean appear, if influenced at all, to be so in a very small degree only by the moon. The height to which the water rises, varies but a few inches during the whole year, and at no time is it elevated more than a foot, or a foot and a half.

The sea, however, often rises to an unusual height; but this appears to be the effect of a strong wind blowing for some time from one quarter, or the heavy swells of the sea, which flow from different directions, and prevail equally during the time of high and low water. But the most remarkable circumstance is, the uniformity of the time of high and low water. During the year, whatever be the age or situation of the moon, the water is lowest at six in the morning, and the same hour in the evening, and highest at noon and midnight.

This is so well established, that the time of night is marked by the ebbing and flowing of the tide; and, in all the islands, the term for high water and midnight is the same.”

says, the highest spring tides are about the beginning of the year; the earth being then nearest to the sun. So says Cavallo, Ferguson and Ewing; but it is just the reverse. The lowest tides of the whole year, occur about the first of February and last of July; the highest in May and October. Sir Isaac Newton says, "the time of the tides is governed, but the greatness of the Tides depends on the greatness of the sea." I therefore with deference suggest, that the greater height of the tides, at these seasons of the year, is caused by other means than the influence of attraction; by means that increase the greatness of the sea. These are the periods when the vast masses of snow and ice, accumulated during the winter, in the arctic and antarctic regions, are alternately dissolved by the vernal sun in the two hemispheres, and immense additions thereby made to the mass of the ocean. That such additions are actually made, is proved by the strong currents passing out of the northern ocean; they bring southwardly the icebergs found in the neighborhood of Newfoundland, where they are thawed on coming in contact with the Gulf Stream.

Ferguson also says, that the highest of all spring tides is, when the sun is in the equator and the moon is in perigee.

We have just seen that the highest tides occur six weeks after this period, and will pass over the discrepancy of his other assertion, viz. "that the highest tides are in the winter, when the sun is nearest to the earth."

J. L. Blake, of Boston, states, that as the moon is only vertical to the inhabitants of the Torrid Zone, the tides are *there* the greatest; and diminish as you recede from the equator, approaching the poles—this is not the fact. The tides in the West Indies only rise from one to three feet, while in the latitudes 45 deg. at the Bay of Fundy, and 50 at Bristol Channel, they rise to the height of 30 feet in the latter, and 60 feet in the former. I am aware that in long channels, obstructed by curves and shoals, the progress of the tides may be much retarded, and therefore appear different in time and circumstances, from similar tides in open coasts and channels—but how do they account for not having tides in the Mediterranean and Baltic Seas. The entrance or strait is surely wide enough to admit some tide, for we see the tides always rising in our rivers and creeks, the mouths of which are not near as wide as these straits. But another cause assigned is, that the quantity of water is too inconsiderable to be influenced by attraction. Now this argument might be true, in a small lake or pond; but not in a sea 2000 or 3000 miles long, and 200 or 300 wide. I should have supposed, that in a body of water, thus moderately large, the moon would have more power to elevate the tides than in the open Atlantic.

But if their explanation be correct, then the larger the mass of waters, the greater the elevations of tides; of course, in the middle of the ocean, where the mass is greatest, the tides should be highest.—

yet here we find that the tides only rise from two to five feet, while on shore they vary from six to sixty feet.

Let us return to the Tropics. All the teachers of this theory speak much of centrifugal force. No one doubts its power—its peculiar power under the equator—where the diameter being greatest, the projectile force is greatest; and where attraction towards the earth's centre is less, in proportion to the increased central distance. We are all familiar with the appearance of a mop when twirled, and admit that the moveable particles should have a tendency to increase under the equator, and to diminish in proportion as we recede from the equator to the poles. We are therefore prepared to expect, that the rise of the tides should be greater in proportion under the line, and less according to the distance from it. But here the theorists appear to be deserted, even by this acknowledged powerful agent. Under the line the tides do not rise more than two or three feet, while they are highest 50 deg. further north.

Keith demonstrates this doctrine in Theorems. In page 81, Theorem 2nd, he states, where the moon appears in the horizon, the tide will be ebb, or low water. You all know that the reverse of this is true in Charleston harbour, and the sea coast of the United States.

Theo. 3d. The time of high water is not precisely the time of the moon's coming to the meridian, but about an hour after it—we say that it is then low water, and that high water takes place 7 hours after it; every Almanac proves the reverse of these two Theorems.

Theo. 6th. spring tides do not happen exactly on the day of the change or full moon, but a day or two after. We all know that such tides commence a day or two before these great changes, and continue about the same elevation, a day or two after them, except when increased by North East winds, or depressed by strong West-erly and North West winds.

Theo. 7th. When the moon is nearest the earth, the tides increase more than, in similar circumstances, at other times. We see that the tides are as high at full moon as at the new moon, notwithstanding this relative distance, and nautical books confirm our observation, by showing that it is the same all over Europe and America.

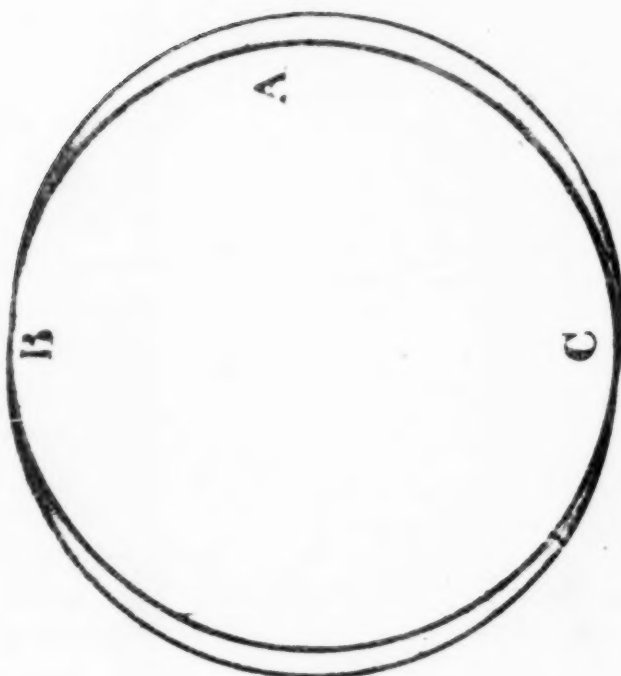
Theo. 8th. The Spring tides are greatest a short time before the vernal equinox, and after the autumnal. We find them greatest about six weeks after both these periods, and believe that effect to be caused by the solution of snow and ice in the polar regions.

Theo. 9th. The Mediterranean and Baltic Seas are not subject to tides, because too small. We have supposed, that they ought to be raised the higher on that account.

Theo. 10th. The motion of the tides is swifter and higher in open seas, and cannot rise so high in shallow places. We have found this position also reversed in toto.

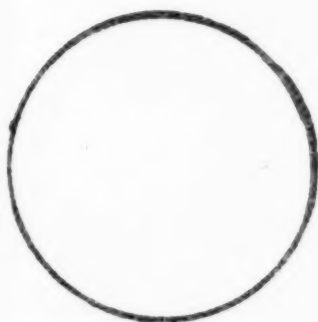


Neap Tides.



Spring Tides.

Full Moon.



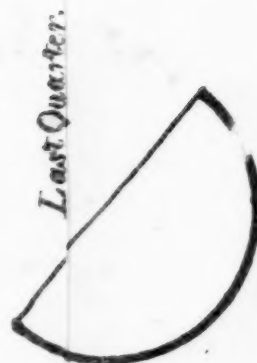
New Moon.



Sup.

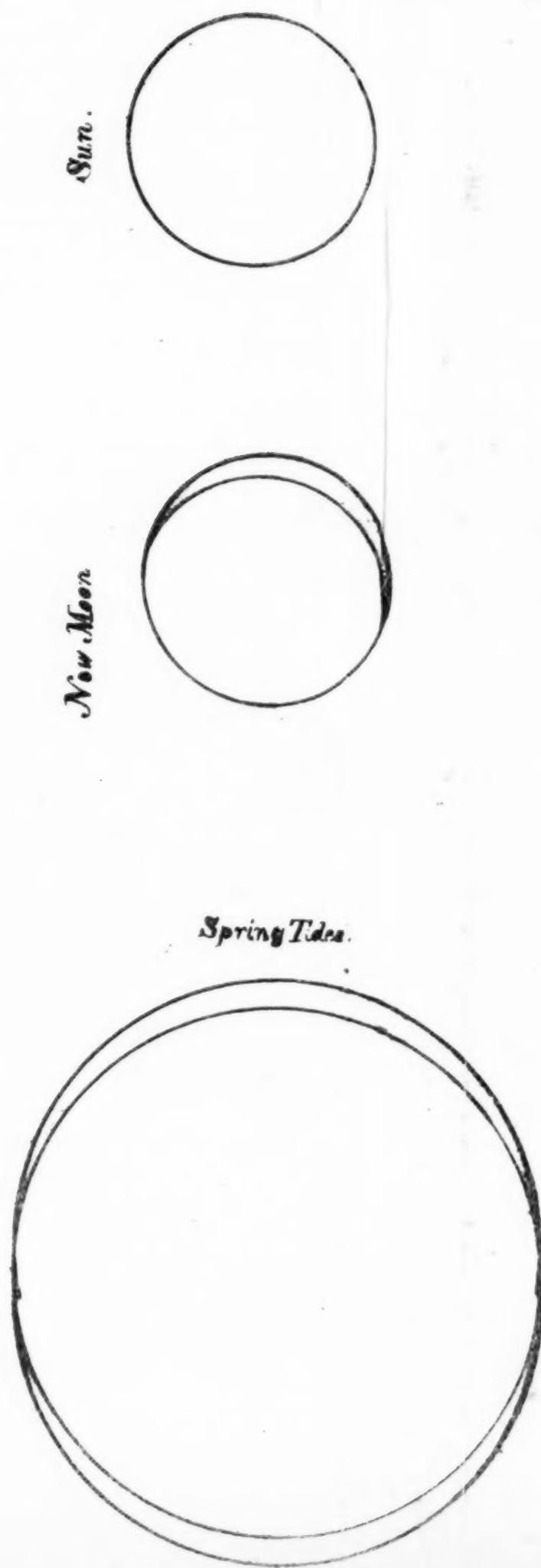


Neap Tides.



Last Quarter.

ELEVATION of the TIDES at the FOUR QUARTERS of the MOON.



SUN AND MOON IN CONJUNCTION.

at which time the Tide rises no higher than when in Opposition.

Plate 1.



SUN AND MOON IN OPPOSITION ;

at which time the Tide usually rises about 8 feet on the South^r Coast of U.S.

It must here be acknowledged that almost all of these disputed positions or evidences of the theory, are likewise to be found in the principia of Sir. Isaac Newton. It must further be admitted that no higher authority can be quoted; and the modern teachers of Philosophy may well suppose, that they cannot do better, than to adopt Newton's arguments in his own words. Some of these disputed positions, might have been justifiable in London, where Newton taught, when untenable in situations, nearer and more open to the ocean. The tide tables inform us, that it is high water in London at two hours forty-six minutes, at periods of new and full moon.

This is the very time of high water stated by Newton, and copied from him by the other writers, without regard to place or fact.

				H.	M.
High water at full and new moon at	Lands' End,			4	30
"	"	"	Lizard,	5	00
"	"	"	Portland,	7	00
"	"	"	Ramsgate,	11	00
"	"	"	South Foreland,	11	6
"	"	"	Dover,	11	6
"	"	"	Portsmouth,	11	36
"	"	"	Margate,	11	45
"	"	"	Thames' Mouth,	12	00
"	"	"	London,	2	46

Difference, 10 hours and 16 minutes.

At the same periods in the south western points of England, the tide is high half past 4 o'clock, preceding that at London ten hours, and varying according to their relative positions in the British channel—nearer or more distant from the ocean.

I am disposed to consider this long continued progress of the tides, another objection to its being caused by attraction. If the moon cause the tides, by attraction, to run eastwardly between England and France, what power causes it to run westwardly up the Thames? Would not attraction prevent it from flowing in that direction?

The correspondence in point of time, between the moon and tides, in the monthly and daily revolutions of the first, with the monthly and daily elevations of the last, is, I acknowledge, singularly and wonderfully accurate. But this coincidence appears to me to be the only evidence, and that but presumptive evidence, of any connection between them. I have already shown, that even this is disproved by the tides returning half daily, and half monthly; the moon to be

Plate 3d shows the relative positions of the sun and moon with the earth, at the times of spring tides and of neap tides. If the moon alone, by attraction, raise the water at A to the great elevation of spring tides; why should not the same effect be produced by it at B and C, under circumstances precisely similar. If the moon at A cause spring tides, while at B and C it causes neap tides, then we must believe that the same causes may produce opposite effects; an impossibility!

the cause of this, must possess repulsive as well as attractive powers; a thing impossible.

I cannot admit that the elevation of the tides at lunar periods, should prove that they are caused by lunar influence. There are other, several other periodical changes in nature, and some possibly at lunar periods also, in which satisfactory evidence may be adduced that the moon is not the cause of the recurrence.

But why, in seeking for an explanation of the mysteries of nature, should we confine our attention to visible objects? Why may not the Omnipotent, in his wisdom, select for the agents of his providence, means which we can neither see nor feel, except in the effects produced. He who constructed the wonderful mechanism of man, and endowed the mind of man, with capacity to regulate the movements of this material portion of the human body, may he not ordain cotemporaneous movements in different portions of the universe?

Who can to Omnipotence set a bound?
Can man conceive beyond what God can do?
Speaks he the word, a thousand *Worlds* are born;
A thousand worlds! there's space for *millions* more;
And in what space, can his great fiat fail?

I allude to the periodical returns of intermitting fevers—periodical head-aches—epilepsy, mania. These conform to solar and not lunar periods, except under peculiarities of constitution, or the influence of medical treatment. Human gestation and the changes of nature associated with it, conform to the calendar months. But even if they did observe the lunar month, they undoubtedly appear alike at all ages of the moon, uninfluenced by its different phases, its position with regard to the earth, or any other circumstance.

The Scavans of France have discovered periodical elevations and depressions in the atmosphere, as well as the ocean, and are disposed to ascribe them to the same cause—viz: the influence of the moon. But their own account shows that these changes correspond with solar time and not lunar. They represent that the barometer rises at 9 o'clock A. M., and falls at 4 P. M.; then rises again at 11 P. M., and falls at 4 A. M., with so much precision, as to designate these hours.

Where so many periodical revolutions take place in nature, it would be still more singular if some of them did not coincide in point of time, even where there is no necessary or apparent connection existing, either in cause or consequence, I will only mention one which is subject to the frequent inspection and observation of all. The moon revolves on its axis in precisely the same time, in which she appears to pass daily round the earth. One pole of the moon being invariably directed towards the earth, we never see any other than that portion of the moon, revolving daily round that pole. This revolution is visible with the naked eye, by any one who will observe the part of the moon which is uppermost when she rises, inspect it as she revolves round her axis in her course eastwardly, and again observe that the same part is lowest when she sets. The same part is invariably uppermost again when the moon rises.

FROM OUR ARM-CHAIR.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTY CUTS, BY ADAMS. DESIGNS BY CHAPMAN, HARVEY, AND OTHERS. HARPER & BROTHERS. 1837.—Next to the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has been read more, probably, than any other work in the English language. The fascinations of the allegory atone for bad prose and miserable doggerel, and perhaps justify the present publishers in attempting to make a classic of the work, by the elegant style in which they have placed it before the public. It is a beautiful impression—paper, typography, and engravings—all excellent—surpassingly so. It is eminently suitable for a New-Years gift. There is a biography of the author, by Southey, prefixed to the work, from which we glean the following particulars.

John Bunyan was born at Elstow, Bedfordshire, England, in 1628. He was a tinker by trade, like his father before him,—a calling which the biographer takes pains to show ought not to be regarded as mean or despicable. John, like other poor men's children, was sent to school in his boyhood, and taught how to read and write—accomplishments which, as he himself admits, he soon lost "almost utterly." Indeed the specimens of autography which we have in the work before us, would have convinced us of the fact without his own confession. It is by no means a humbling one. Some of the greatest geniuses that the world has known have written horrible *hands*. Sir Walter Scott wrote without ever making a stop, and some pretty good writers of our own acquaintance seem to think it a proof of mental depth to write "a cramped fist." It is an art by which soaring geniuses puzzle the lesser lights of the age.

Bunyan was early afflicted with temptations of the devil. He seems indeed to have thought himself peculiarly singled out by the Evil One as the victim of his machinations. So distressed was he on this account, that he expresses the wish that he had been a devil himself, that "I might," he says, "rather be a tormentor, than be tormented myself,"—a reason, by the way, not very creditable to his feelings as a humane man.

Several remarkable providences, in his behalf, are related of Bunyan; such as that he pulled out an adder's tongue with his fingers without being bitten by the reptile; that he fell once into a creek, and once into the river Ouse, and in both cases narrowly escaped drowning; and, thirdly, that having been "drawn" to go to the wars, he obtained a substitute, and that "the substitute was shot through the head with a musket ball." These interferences in his favor are now looked back upon, by his admirers, as indications of his future greatness, just as the strange dreams of Alexander's mother, fore the birth of the little hero, were thought to portend his glory as a conqueror.

At the early age of eighteen, Bunyan married. "There was no imprudence," says his biographer, "in this early marriage, though they came together as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon betwixt both." Their patrimony, we suppose, was love, of which the interest is usually small in dollars and cents, but a considerable amount often in other particulars. She brought him, however, by way of dowry, two books, "*The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*," and the "*Bishop of Bangor's Practice of Piety*,"—excellent works, which he read with some profit, but which yet did not effect his reformation.

He was cured of profane swearing by a woman who, "though a very loose and ungodly wretch, told him, that he made her tremble to hear him." This expression of the woman made such an impression on him that he abandoned oaths from that time forward. The last amusement that he relinquished was dancing, though it was a full year, he says, before he could quite leave that. He thought bell ringing a sin, though his fondness for it amounted almost to a passion. The devil would sometimes prompt him to go and look at the ringers, and he was strongly tempted to pull the rope, but he "durst not." He believed it necessary to stifle his "hankering" after this "vain practice." He had an impression when he went to the belfry, that the bell would fall and crush him. In order to avoid this catastrophe, he would go and take his stand "under a beam that lay athwart the steeple, from side to side." Then the thought came over him, that the "bell might fall with a swing, hit the wall first, rebound, and so strike him in its descent." To avoid this, "he retired to the steeple door, thinking himself safe there, for if the bell should fall he could slip out." But here his evil genius pursued him. He fancied that the steeple itself might fall; and frightened at this idea, he ran away as fast as he could. We once knew an excellent clergyman who was possessed of a similar fancy. He was afraid when he walked the streets that the tiles would fall off from the roofs of the buildings and kill him. This state of nervous weakness, however, was brought about by over indulgence in the use of strong coffee.

Bunyan's convictions of sin were very powerful. He vibrated between hope and despair for a long time, and in his "*Pilgrim's Progress*" we see doubtless the history of his own most painful experience. The devout christian will be greatly edified by this part of his history. All his future compositions, in fact, derived substance, colouring and interest, from this part of his life. The honor of his conversion is mainly attributed to the ministry of "the holy Mr. Gifford, a Puritan and a Round-head, but there were other individuals, we are told, who were instrumental in bringing him to reflect seriously upon his condition. Gifford, however, says his biographer, was doubtless "the honored evangelist who pointed the pilgrim to the wicket gate."

Soon after his conversion, Bunyan commenced preaching, as an itinerant exhorter, of the Baptist persuasion, and ere long placed before the world some works on polemical divinity, in which he carried on a pretty fierce warfare against the Quakers.

Judging from what he says of himself, he was not a great admirer of the fair sex:

"In this," he says, "I admire the wisdom of God, that he hath made me shy of women from my first conversion until now. These know, and can also bear me witness, with whom I have been most intimately concerned, that it is a rare thing to see me carry it pleasant towards a woman. The common salutation of wo-

man I abhor; 'tis odious to me in whomsoever I see it. Their company alone I cannot away with! I seldom so much as touch a woman's hand; for I think these things are not so becoming me. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have at times made my objection against it; and when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have told them it is not a comely sight. Some, indeed, have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked, why they made barks? Why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favored go. Thus how laudable soever such things have been in the eyes of others, they have been unseemly in my sight."

"Dr. Doddridge," adds the biographer, could not so have defended himself." He goes on then to defend Bunyan from the charge of being "a woman hater." We do not think he was one, but believe he was too much of a precisian,—rather too cautious in his intercourse with the fairest and best part of the creation. Surely, surely, it is not so grievous a crime "to carry it pleasant towards a women." His rebuke, however, of those clergymen who kissed only the prettiest women is well merited. We have known some instances of these same "barks," in our own times, and which cannot be protected and upheld even by the shield of "the holy kiss."

During the protectorate of Cromwell, Bunyan was unmolested as a preacher, but upon the restoration of Charles 2d, he was prosecuted for non-conformity, and thrown into prison, where he remained twelve years, and wrote his great work, the "Pilgrim's Progress." He might have avoided imprisonment, had he given security that he would discontinue his public exhortations, but this he was unwilling to do. With the noble spirit of a martyr he declared, that if "he were out of prison to-day, he would preach the gospel again to-morrow, by the help of God!"

After his liberation, his fame as a preacher was greatly extended. When he visited London, which he did annually, "his reputation was so great, that if a day's notice were given, the meeting-house at Southwark, at which he generally preached, would not hold half the people that attended. Three thousand persons have been gathered together there; and not less than twelve hundred on week days, and dark winter mornings at seven o'clock." This reminds us of the large assemblies that used to attend upon the preaching of Whitfield and Wesley. In London they still show the "true pulpit" in which Bunyan used to preach. It is regarded with a degree of superstitious reverence.

Bunyan was a voluminous writer, and not less than three score of tracts and books are ascribed to him. Much, however, as he has written, he was not a scholar. His style is far inferior to that even of Whitfield, whose printed discourses give us no sort of idea of the wonderful power exerted by the latter as an orator. The fact is, there is a *written* and a *spoken* style, the latter of which is adapted to the pulpit or the forum, and the former to the press. Few of the discourses of extemporaneous orators, if reduced to writing just as they were delivered, would bear the test of criticism. Bunyan's style was coarse, but energetic, diffuse and replete with imagery,—well calculated therefore for popular effect. No conception of the tact and ability of such a speaker can be acquired without hearing him. The eye, the gesture, the whole countenance, the living voice and all its intonations, must be taken into the account. The man who writes eloquently is not the one who is always listened to with the greatest pleasure.

The following description of Bunyan's person and manners will be interesting to our readers.

"He appeared in countenance to be of a stern and rough temper, but in his conversation mild and affable, not given to loquacity or much discourse in company, unless some urgent occasion required it; observing never to boast of himself, or his parts, but rather seem low in his own eyes, and submit himself to the judgment of others; abhorring lying and swearing; being just in all that lay in his power to his word; not seeming to revenge injuries; loving to reconcile differences, and make friendship with all. He had a sharp quick eye, accomplished with an excellent discerning of persons, being of good judgment and quick wit. As for his person, he was tall of stature, strong boned, though not corpulent; somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes; wearing his hair on his upper lip, after the old British fashion; his hair reddish, but in his later days time had sprinkled it with grey; his nose well set, but not declining or bending; his mouth moderately large; his forehead something high, and his habit always plain and modest. And thus have we impartially described the internal and external parts of a person, who had tried the smiles and frowns of time, not puffed up in prosperity, nor shaken in adversity, always holding the golden mean."

Those fashionable gentlemen who "wear hair upon the upper lip," at the present day, may not be aware that it is an "old *British* fashion," and that it stands upon no higher authority than the practice of the "tinker of Elstow." When they are persuaded that it savours strongly of Toryism and Non-conformity, they will doubtless abandon it for that more republican mode of dressing the beard, which makes all its longitudinal excrescences *equal*. The stiff upper lip, whether rendered stiff by pride or bristles, should be reserved only for monarchies.

There are many admirable traits in the character of John Bunyan. His biographer compares him to Rousseau. We have tasked our recollections of the latter, brilliant but eccentric genius, and are constrained to say, as the result of our comparison, that their general characteristics were widely different. There is only one point in which they could be said to resemble each other. Both of them were afflicted with a morbid and nervous constitutional temperament, which is, however, a too common calamity of men of genius. Rousseau's mind was a mere congeries of inconsistencies, and was always vibrating between the wildest extremes. Bunyan, on the other hand, was a man of fixed purpose. Passions which, in Rousseau, led to the most revolting excess, not merely in speculation but in action, were in Bunyan regulated and placed under the salutary control of reason and religious principle. His character resembles more that of the early Methodists, particularly that of Wesley. He was like him distinguished for moral courage, and untiring perseverance in all the objects of his pursuit. Neither ridicule, nor persecution, could daunt his firm and intrepid spirit. He went straight forward to the attainment of his high aims, in spite of all the obstacles, presented by the intolerance of his age, and, by his uncompromising principles, and sincere and ardent piety, is a model worthy of the imitation of christians who live in an era of greater refinement and civilization. The Baptists, of all succeeding times, are nearly as much indebted to him for his commendable zeal and indefatigable labors, as are the Methodists to those of the still more celebrated leader whom we have just mentioned.

Upon the whole, we do not think the biography prefixed to this book very creditable to the pen of Mr. Southey. It is, we allow, interesting; it contains much matter, illustrative of the disposition, habits, and general turn of thinking of the "Pilgrim," far beyond a doubt the author personates himself in his "Progress," but the sketch before us partakes too much of the savour of the musty folios from which the biographer, without much regard to arrangement, has collected

his facts. It wants life. It is not sufficiently racy and fresh. It is just such a production as might have been written and met public expectation in the times of Charles 2nd, when Bunyan lived. Parson Owen might have written it and acquired fame by it, but not the Poet Laureat of Great Britain. We are not however, surprised at this meager specimen of the style of a modern and celebrated author—an author whose opinions are notoriously sold and bought at a high price. The poet is in trammels; he has lost all independence of thought and character, and, what is more and worse, he hugs his chains with a sort of insane delight. The sketch before us is intended for the book market, and it is replete with facts and anecdotes that give it value, notwithstanding the dust and cobwebs which we have to sweep away in order to get at them. But Southey has not added an original idea. He is not merely an imitator—he is a copyist—a downright copyist. Had Bunyan belonged to the Establishment, instead of being a proscribed Puritan, the biographer would doubtless have written with more caution, and produced a more modern and more brilliant work.

GIAFAR AL BARMUKI. A TALE OF THE COURT OF HAROUN AL RASCHID. IN 2 vols. Harper & Brothers. 1836.—This work, though anonymous, has been attributed to a son of the Rev. Dr. Spring, of New-York. The author bids fair to excel in fictitious composition. We are not prepared to say that we fully approve of the moral tendency of such writings. The chief interest of the work (and the interest is admirably sustained throughout) is made to turn upon a circumstance which cannot be named without exciting a blush. It is, however, an exciting story, and will have very many readers. It possesses the charm of novelty, which will commend it to many. The style is free, elegant and vigorous, and the plot, such as it is, well laid and well developed,—except that we are disappointed by the fate of the hero, in whose hands the mysterious ring of his master is not made to operate that reversion in his favor, which we are led to expect. The features of the heroine are unique, and drawn with a master hand.

THE DESULTORY MAN. BY THE AUTHOR OF RICHELIEU, &c. Harper & Brothers. 1836.—This work contains some good and some very indifferent tales. The name of Mr. James will be sufficient to give it currency, although the work itself will not enhance his fame. There are many truisms in it expressed in novel and beautiful language, and not a little fine descriptive pencilling. We shall refer to it again.

LETTERS TO YOUNG LADIES. BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. Harper & Brothers. 1837.—This work has passed to its third edition, and, judging from its contents, will be re-published again and again. Since the productions of Mrs. Barbauld, we have seen nothing from the pen of any female writer, which for masculine tone of thought, and elegance of style, surpasses it. It embraces speculations and advice on most of those topics which should engage the attention of females in their progress through life, and especially the opening

portion of it, such as religion, knowledge, industry, domestic employments, health, dress, manners, accomplishments, &c. Every subject is treated with ability, and not only is the work thorough, but exhibits intrinsic evidence that the high standard of excellence which its author proposes to her sex, has, in some points at least, been reached by herself, and is, therefore not unattainable by others. The work displays learning to an extent not very common even among the "lords of the creation." The oriental sages, the wisest of the Greeks and Romans, the early fathers of the church and the philosophers of every age and nation, have been consulted, and are made to bear their respected testimony to opinions of great value, and which are in perfect keeping with the spirit of the age. Mrs. Sigourney could not have presented to her sex a more valuable offering, or one affording higher evidence of her learning, talents and piety.

THE PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION, AS APPLIED TO THE MOBILE INSTITUTE. BY NORMAN PINNEY. Hugh M'Guire. 1836.—This is an excellent treatise on academic education. The author is a practical, thorough, learned man, and under the fostering care of such an individual, the Mobile Institute cannot but thrive and flourish. We have not time or space to dwell at length upon the views set forth in this pamphlet, but would remark, that they are sensible throughout, and occasionally bold and original. The author is of opinion, that French, and the Germans, have each, at the present day, a literature more valuable than that of Greece and Rome—a literature, therefore, which should supercede that of the ancients in our academic institutions. In this view we are sure that he is correct, but we are not inclined to think that "too large a space is occupied by the Latin and Greek languages in our systems of education" in this country.

The objections urged to the study of the classics, apply with more force to the systems adopted in the English universities than to the United States. There, nearly half of the average term of human life is devoted to the study of the learned languages, but in this country, little attention, comparatively, is bestowed upon this important branch of education, either at college, or by the graduate after he leaves it. A more thorough acquaintance with languages should certainly be imparted, and the student be taught, not only to translate with facility, but also to write, if not to speak the ancient tongues with promptitude and elegance. No gentleman can be said to have a thorough knowledge of a foreign language, who cannot exhibit such evidence of his proficiency. No man can be a philologist or a critic, worthy of the name, who is not an accomplished linguist. The thorough acquaintance with language possessed by the English scholar, is one leading cause of the superiority of English over American literature. It is true, too much attention is bestowed in Great Britain to the study of mere language, to the exclusion of more useful and popular branches, and literature, accordingly, in that country, has taken precedence of the exact sciences, but education is capable of being so systematized, as to preserve a proper balance between different pursuits, while a due degree of attention is bestowed upon each.

This pamphlet is a very handsome specimen of typography, and does credit to the press from which it is issued.

TO THE READERS OF THE JOURNAL.

The subscribers take this method of informing the readers of the Journal, that the typographical appearance of the present number is occasioned by their not receiving *new type* in time, which deficiency will be obviated in the succeeding number.

Two presses will be employed for the next two ensuing numbers, by which means the March number will be issued by or before the first of the month.

BURKE & GILES, *Printers.*

LIST OF PAYMENTS

FOR VOLUME 1 & II. OF THE SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL.

FROM NOVEMBER FIRST TO JANUARY FIRST INCLUSIVE:

☐ Should any payment be omitted, the Editor respectfully requests that the omission may be immediately signified to him, and credit will be given in the next number of the Magazine.

Charleston.—Dr. Kennedy, T W Johnson, George Chisolm, George Pringle, E H Williams, Robert Ralston.

Augusta.—Rev. S Bulfinch, G R Galphin 2 years, John Guimarin 2 years, George Robertson, George W Lamar, James L Wray, J G Dunlap 2 years, Thomas S Barrett, J Henry, W P Dearmond, G B Holland 2 years, Lewis Gibson 2 years, R V Clarkson, Jonathan Meigs 2 years, William Jones 2 years, Robert Philip 2 years, W P Merriman, Benjamin Baird 2 years, Henry Cumming 2 years, F M Robinson M. D. 2 years, W Hobby, junr. H E May, Henry Parsons, C Battey, A Cunningham, M. D. T G Casey 2 years, A Sibley, G A Simmons 2 years, R H Ramsay, J W Wilde 2 years, J H Gregorie, A Gould, N W Cocke, N H Whitlaw, F Bradford, W A Robertson, E Thomas, W T Gouter, L A Dugas, M. D. J Edgar Thompson, J B Bishop, C T Hit, J E Bacon, M. D. W G Minns, P C Guieu, A H Pemberton.

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